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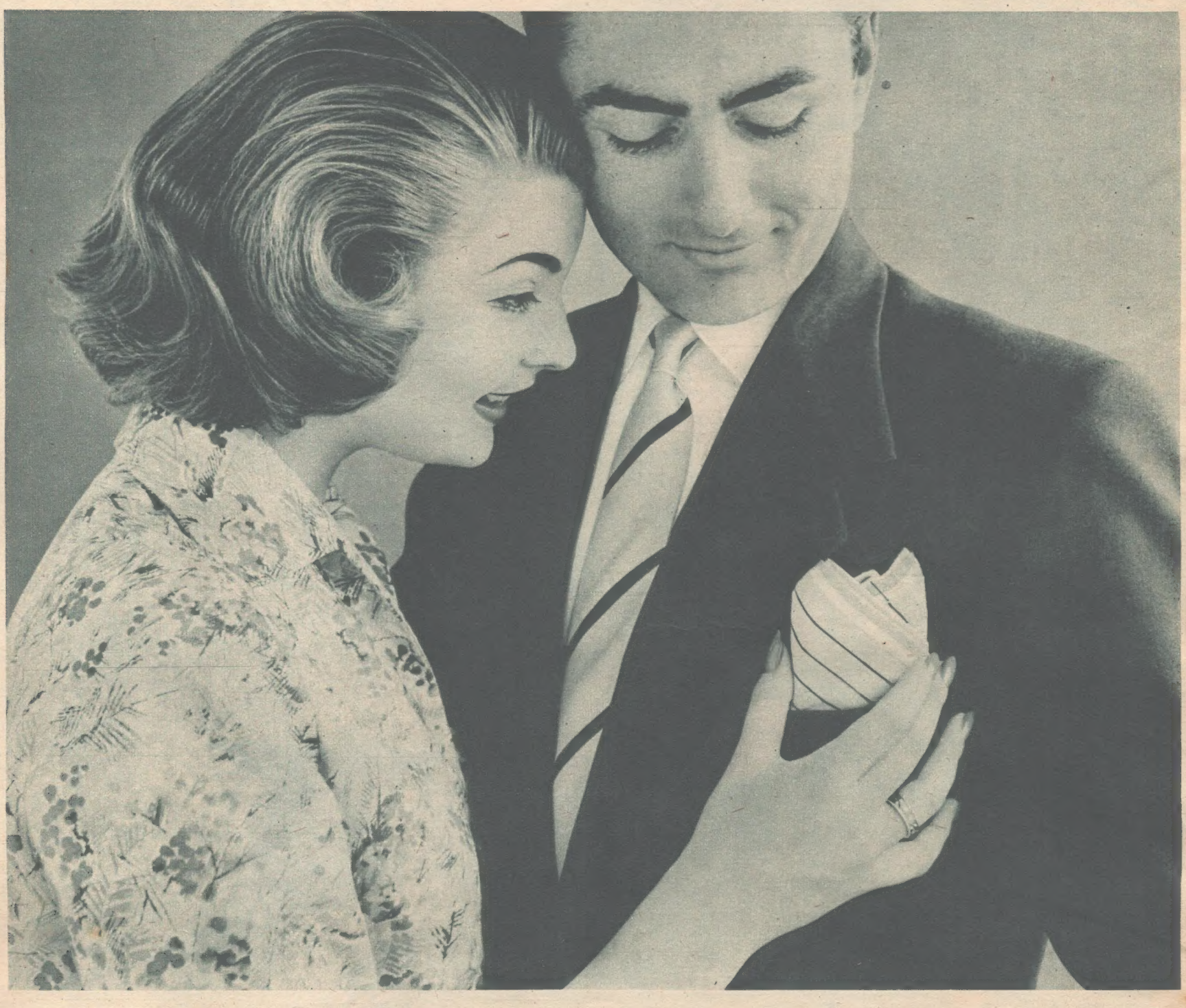

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JOHN BULL

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CHANCERY 3344 DECEMBER 14, 1957 VOLUME 102 NUMBER 2685

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Kenneth, Joyce and Kendal Kirkland. His wife keeps the home running smoothly

AT the gay, brightly furnished house near Littlehampton seafront where a coloured plaque on the wall announces: *Here live Joyce and Kenneth Kirkland,* it is Kirkland's wife who paints the woodwork, digs the garden, mends the fuses; who, in fact, competently brings a screwdriver to bear on anything faulty. And while she is so employed her husband goes upstairs to his studio and paints pictures showing how a man would do the job if he had the chance—as in this week's cover.

Besides the use of colour, the Kirklands have many ways of brightening their lives. Their two daughters, Kendal (four) and Tracy (three this week), contribute; they have Susie the poodle, Strike Me Pink and Holy Smoke the cats, Cherub the budgerigar, four fish and a tortoise. Two years ago obliging relatives took charge of the family while the Kirklands drove their 1935 baby car to the French-Italian border and back—with a slow puncture in one tyre. "It was great fun," says Kirkland, "although neither of us could sit down for a week afterwards."

After war service with the army in India, Kirkland, who is thirty-one, went to art school at Norwich. His work there was spotted by a magazine editor, who gave him a contract. Now, as a freelance, he has achieved one ambition—to illustrate a story written by his wife; before their children were born she was a journalist.

It was their work which brought them together. "For two years we used the same office, saying only things like 'Good morning' and 'Pass me a ruler,' " says Mrs. Kirkland. "Then I bought one of his pictures for five guineas. I'm still waiting for my money back."

WHEN Norman Phillips was writing his article on platinum (page 14) he was taken round a factory near Kennington Oval, London. Before the tour started the plant manager said: "I hope you're not going to steal any platinum. You could do—while my back was turned—but we should find out if any were missing and it would be traced back to you. It might take a week, though, and it would be an awful nuisance."

"I assured him," says Phillips, "that I had no plans to grab any of the stuff. It has such a high melting point I would never be able to do anything with it."

Phillips says that precautions are taken against the loss of even the tiniest platinum electrical contact, the size of a pencil tip. Floor sweepings are burned to recover fragments of the metal and special hand-washing tanks trap traces sticking to employees who handle platinum.

It is a standing joke at one factory that despite all the security measures the G.P.O. did not renew the firm's contract to dismantle discarded equipment containing bits of platinum that could be recovered and sold. The Post Office gets the work done safely—and more cheaply—by the inmates of Her Majesty's Prisons.

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bring you the perfect answer to your present problem.
So this year give Bachelor Tipped.

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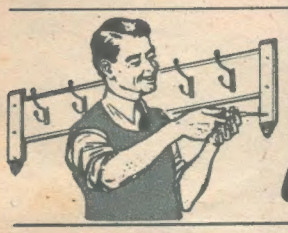

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A221

Free Speech

- **Showing us results for our taxes**
- **Putting our laws in order**
- **H-bombs under governments**

I RESENT paying income tax. I never see anything for it. The government should levy a special tax once a year for one specific purpose.

Full publicity should be given to the amount raised and the way in which the project—a new nuclear power station or super road system—was progressing.

Seeing a definite result from the special tax would give us a little comfort for continuing to pay our other taxes with no apparent return. —J. T., Norwich, Norfolk.

Ringing Protest

As an office worker the bane of my life is having to talk on the telephone to people who are sour, sarcastic and childishly unpleasant.

I have a theory that the sound of the telephone's shrill ring helps to bring out the worst in people.

Surely our telephone engineers can evolve a pleasanter method of warning people that they are wanted on the telephone.—E. CRAVEN, Southgate, Flixton, Manchester.

"We can tone any bell down to a quiet buzz," says a G.P.O. engineer. "But a surprising number of people ask us to do this and call us back a few days later to say that they are not receiving any calls."

Law For All

It's common knowledge that under our present legal system, gross inequalities and unfairnesses often occur because of the need for money when going to law.

Surely the most practical and fair system would be a National Law

Service on the lines of the National Health Service. Lawyers would then be in much the same position as our doctors and success in disputes wouldn't depend on wealth.—N. C. ASHESHOV, Hertford, Herts.

"Most of the really expensive lawsuits are fought by people of property who can well afford them," says a lawyer. "Anyone else who is prosecuted can get free legal representation if he needs it, although libel, slander and similar actions which could be brought through spite at the public expense are not covered by the legal aid system. Lawyers must be completely free and independent to act in the best interests of their clients. To make them civil servants might undermine this hallowed tradition."

Rocking Chair Club

Mrs. D. V. Daines of Essex isn't the only one who claims that the good old rocking chair is Nature's own calmer ("Free Speech," November 23).

A "Sitting, Staring and Rocking Club," founded in America by Thomas Saxe, junior, president of a restaurant management corporation, now has 2,500 members drawn from all walks of life—including several housewives.

Each member must sit for a certain time every night in one of the club's many comfortable and highly original rocking chairs, and each owns a small model rocking chair presented to him by the founder.

I understand that one of the most enthusiastic rockers is the founder's nine-year-old son.—MRS. CHARLOTTE HOFLER, Shirehall Park, Hendon, London, N.W.4.

Chipping The Chars

Early each morning on my way to work I see an army of Mrs. Mopps

busily cleaning out offices, shops and large stores.

Yet in this modern age of mechanical, electrical and atomic aids they slave away with house-flannels, scrubbers and pails. With a world of labour-saving devices around them, they are still on their knees, just as their mothers, grandmothers and great-great-grandmothers were before them. — L. E. HESSÉ, Bagshot Avenue, Exeter.

Hot Seat Government

To ensure world peace I would place one hydrogen bomb in each of the world's capital cities, including Berlin, Washington, London, Moscow, Pekin, New Delhi and Paris.

All would be connected to one central control point, possibly in Geneva; all would be subject to detonation by the same electronic signal—and there would be a similar bomb located at the control point itself.

Each bomb would be guarded by a small squad of world police and form the centrepiece of an architectural design symbolizing man's belief in himself.

Finally, each country would man the control point for short periods, the delegation being led by one of the country's elder statesmen.

This may sound a crazy idea but it's time that each country surrendered part of its security to guarantee world peace — and each government would certainly watch its step while it was sitting on a hydrogen bomb controlled by the others.—H. A. WRIGHT, Gosforth Road, Seascale, Cumberland.

Responsible Parents

I was interested in the letter from O.D. of Northallerton suggesting that the parents of children who cause accidents should be prosecuted for having failed to train them.

At the age of eight, my son was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

"Three Steps Forward," by Vera Dean, which was serialized in JOHN BULL *in February of this year, is now published in book form by Faber and Faber, price 15s.*

Here are the socks to hang on the tree,
to warm the heart and fit the feet
of every man on your Christmas list...

GIVE *Nylon* SOCKS this Christmas

(Their joy is never-mending)

nothing like B Nylon S for socks

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A proprietary Scotch is a brand of whisky owned and marketed by the blender or distiller. Gilbey's have their own distilleries in the heart of the Glenlivet district of the Highlands, with access to the unbelievably soft waters of the Scottish peat moors, and it is here that Spey Royal — one of the great proprietary whiskies — has been made for nearly 100 years.

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Spey Royal

WHISKY

GILBEY'S CENTENARY ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SERVICE
1857 + 1957

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

knocked down by a car in the New Territories, Hongkong. When, a few days later, a police inspector informed me that the authorities had decided not to prosecute I expressed my pleasure, as only the Chinese driver's skill had saved my son from serious injury. Imagine my chagrin when I found that the police had intended to prosecute *me*.

If a child caused an accident the police were entitled to prosecute either the parent, for lack of supervision, or the child for lack of care. In this case it was felt that we had been punished enough.

It's a pity that we don't follow Hongkong's example.—MRS. M. J. NEALE, Albury Road, Aberdeen, Scotland.

King Of The Carriage

Recently, when I was travelling by train, a passenger placed a parcel on the corner seat and left the compartment for a few minutes. Another

passenger removed the parcel, sat down, and refused to budge when the first man returned.

The guard was called and tactfully told the seated man that he was in the wrong. But the man maintained that the seat hadn't been booked in the official sense, and retained it for the rest of the journey. Was he right?—C. PORTER, St. Paul's Road, Salisbury, Wiltshire.

"I'm afraid that he was," says a British Railways official, "but he's a man in a million. Strictly speaking the only booked seats are those with the two-shilling reservation fee counterfoils attached. But if all passengers were as inconsiderate as the one described nobody would dare to leave his seat at all."

Gun Law For Infants

We deplore the hooliganism and violence of today's young people, but as the law stands even a child of six can go into a post office and ask for a gun licence—and the man behind the counter can't refuse to sell it. Present legislation needs a swift and thorough review.—WILLIAM TALLON, Ryburn Road, Ormskirk, Lancashire.

"We can't refuse to sell him a ten-shilling gun licence," says a Post Office spokesman, "because we are merely acting as collecting agents for the local authority. But this licence is useless without a five-shilling firearm certificate from the Chief Constable—and the boy would have to lie very convincingly about his age and height to get that."

A lawyer says: "With few exceptions, mainly connected with membership of rifle clubs, nobody under the age of fourteen is allowed to have a firearm in his possession. And nobody under the age of seventeen may buy or hire one."

Roundabout Retort

Following the correspondence about rights of way on traffic roundabouts, P. J. Forrest of Exeter mentions the "Give way to the car on your right" rule commonly used on the Continent ("Free Speech," November 23).

But in fifty years of motoring I've yet to find a corner or a roundabout in Britain where I could see the car on my right before its driver could see the bonnet of my car. It's always easier to see the man on the left.—H. L. BYRD, Preston New Road, Blackburn, Lancashire.

. . . the correspondence about right of way reminds me of the following, which all motorists would do well to remember:

Here lies the body of Andrew Jay
Who died maintaining his right of way.
He was right, dead right as he sped along
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

—S. R. BAKER, Whitchurch Lane, Edgware, Middlesex.

Warring Metals

Only recently, when talking to a metallurgist, did I learn that wars are as common among metals as among people. Perhaps this explains why metal gadgets which I have made for the home have failed to last.

Apparently many metals hate to be near each other and set up cross bombardments of electrons which have a weakening effect. Now that do-it-yourself is the vogue, perhaps we ought to be told more about metals which shouldn't be assembled together.—E. H., Birmingham, 7.

"A handyman who puts copper and iron into close proximity in damp conditions—copper rivets in an iron water tank, for example—may find that he has unwittingly made a primitive battery," says a metallurgist. "Any two dissimilar metals will do the same to a greater or lesser degree, but if one of them is as easily corrodible as thin iron the weak electrical currents generated will accelerate this."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

HE was only testing the fairy lights he'd just bought for the Christmas tree when, *phut!* Result: black out—and chaos under the stairs. But, by good luck, there's a handyman in the house. So be patient, madam; remember that yours is a job as old as that of Eos, who used to inform the gods of the coming of light. Anyway, the trouble seems to have been traced, so soon she'll be able to start cleaning up the mess. Actually, she won't make much fuss, because it wasn't the fairy lights at all. She was just adding the iron to that plug adaptor when, *phut!*

Time is the gift of the Swiss

THERE IS NO more eloquent gift than a fine jewelled-lever Swiss watch for someone you love, the gift that stands for constancy and friendship.

Measure, if you can, the value of such a gift! A fine watch has reason to be proud of its Swiss origin, of its meticulous workmanship, its unrivalled beauty. For more than 300 years, Swiss craftsmen, intent on measuring time, have kept *ahead* of time in designing watches.

There are Swiss-inspired watch ideas for every need and all occasions. Watches that resist water — dirt — shock — and even magnetism. Watches that split seconds, do arithmetic, measure speed, sound and distance. Tiny gem-studded watches for the ladies, and elegant, wafer-thin watches to please the most exacting man. And, of course, time's most wanted miracle — the self-winding watch.

● RELY ON YOUR JEWELLER to help you choose this gift of time for someone dear—or when choosing the new Swiss jewelled-lever watch that is perfect for you. *His knowledge is your safeguard.*

SWISS FEDERATION OF WATCH MANUFACTURERS

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

One thing I simply hate is cleaning shoes but Dad says you can tell a gentleman by his shoes. Mum always makes me clean them with Meltonian because she says it does the leather good. Actually it's not so ghastly cleaning them now they have that sponge thing on the end of the tube that puts the stuff on for you, and your shoes shine so much that it's not easy to tell how long ago they were cleaned.

Meltonian

SHOE CREAMS

in Dumpijars or the handitube
with the all-in-one applier

MADE IN ALL FASHIONABLE COLOURS

M2

ELLIMAN'S FREED him from PAIN in two days

Read how sixty year old Mr. G. A. B. was put on his feet again the day after a severe leg strain:—
"Recently, as the result of a fall, I sustained severe sprain of the leg muscles, causing much pain. I applied massage with Elliman's and the following morning was relieved to be able to walk fairly well. 48 hours after the accident I was entirely free from pain."

Like Mr. G. A. B., you would find quick relief from strains, rheumatic and all muscular pains in Elliman's Universal Embrocation. Get this long-proved, long famous remedy—and find out how soothing, warming and painkilling it can be! From all chemists, **2/6**

Rub in ELLIMAN'S
Rub out PAIN

NEW! For smooth-on relief
ELLIMAN'S FIBRO CREAM

Neuritis and some kinds of rheumatic and muscular ailments respond better to *gentle* treatment. If you are one of those people whose condition has not been improved by massage—or if you simply prefer an analgesic cream—try new Elliman's Fibro Cream. You simply smooth it on: its warming and painkilling action penetrates deep and gives quick relief *without* rubbing. **3/6** A TUBE

For the gayest of Christmas parties...

The most ORANGEY of orange drinks...

The delicious goodness of the whole fruit—all of it—goes into 'Smash'. That's why it is so different. That's why the keen, clean tang of fresh oranges delights the palate with every sip. Get a bottle of Robinson's 'Smash' for your Christmas party—you'll be drinking it all the year round—because it tastes so *good!* A smashing drink at 3/3 a bottle.

3/3 a bottle

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Orange Smash

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CVS-17

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Manolis dreamed of wealth—but work just gave him nightmares

The Coukla

by ***KATE MANGO***

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

Manolis smiled at her. "I am helping the workmen," he said. "All things, even work, even things as lovely as you, are the better for being admired"

THEY said in the village that it had taken Manolis a week to get born. However that may have been, he was known for bone-idle. While others laboured, he lay in the shade. When in the late afternoon they trailed sweating back to their homes, he would shift himself a few yards into the warmth of the sun as the evening wind sprang up chilly across the hills.

He had a brother who had done well for himself, though they had been early orphaned. Mitso had no time for Manolis, but his wife, soft-hearted, often gave him food and passed on to him his brother's outworn garments.

Since Manolis asked little of life, and could always be sure of a bed under the stars in summer or in a barn in winter, he didn't worry. He lacked for nothing. He was content.

Content? Well, not quite. Sometimes, in the long hours on the hillside, while everybody else was at work, there passed through his mind vague dreams of wealth: of what it would mean to become suddenly, splendidly—and without working for it—enormously rich.

It could happen to almost anybody. You might, for instance, buy a winning ticket in the *Ethnikon Lacheion,* though Manolis never had any money to buy a lottery ticket. You might

find a *coukla* or some other fragment of the treasures of ancient days. It should, of course, be handed over at once to the police, but if you secretly took it to Athens you would be able to get a good price.

Manolis had no clear idea of what he would do if he should become rich. He did not imagine himself leaving the village, or even making any particular effort at spending his money. It would be enough just to know himself wealthy, and to have everybody else know it, for then they would respect him. . . .

EARLY one morning, Euphrosyne Efstratiou went over to see how the workmen were getting on with digging the foundations for her father's new house. She was a pretty girl, only sixteen, and had been brought up less like a Greek than like an American or English girl. Her father had a great admiration for those two countries.

Euphrosyne bought her clothes in Athens, and was noticeable as a splash of colour among the dark-robed village women. The clothes she wore showed altogether too much creamy skin for the peace of mind of hot-blooded men unused to seeing women's charms displayed in public.

The site of the new house was on a gentle slope above the village, backed by a mass of dark pines and scattered with tiny cyclamen and crocus amid sparse grass. When Euphrosyne arrived there, the eyes of the three young workmen were distracted from their labour by the sight of her. They looked, and sighed, and looked again. The sight was such that any man not made of stone, were he ninety, might have been forgiven yet another look and yet another sigh.

Euphrosyne stepped over the trench in which they were working, to where Manolis lay on the other side. "I see you're not working, Manolis," she said, looking down at him with a frown.

"None the less, I am helping the workmen," Manolis answered, smiling his slow, sweet smile. "All things, even work, even things as lovely as you, are the better for being admired."

Euphrosyne blushed and looked at the sky. "There is rain coming," she said.

Surprised, Manolis almost sat up. But not quite. If rain came, it would come. He could do nothing about it.

"You wouldn't like me to speak to my father about a job?" asked Euphrosyne. She was impatient with Manolis, aware of what was said about him. She was angry with herself for an interest in him unbecoming in a young lady for whom her family planned an excellent match.

Through Manolis's mind drifted a vague regret that he would never look more closely than now upon Euphrosyne's beauty. But he too knew her destiny, and he was not one to sigh after the impossible.

"No, thank you," he said.

Euphrosyne turned, and went away. . . .

In the afternoon the heavens suddenly opened. Rain plummeted down, a solid curtain of water. The workmen scrambled out of their trench and dashed for the shelter of the pines. Manolis jerked out of his doze, and made a slight movement as if to rise. But what was the good? The shower could not last long, and he was already wet through.

The others peered out from under the trees as the cloudburst slackened. They laughed at the sight of Manolis lying there like a great drowned rat along the edge of the trench.

Then the rain ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The three workmen came back and looked into the trench, which was half full of water. Some of the earth they had dug out had slipped back. Perhaps it would be best to leave it to dry out. They went round to the other side of the site to start digging there.

The sun came out again. Manolis slept for a bit, his clothes drying on him. After a while he was roused by the sound of a voice. It was Efstratiou, Euphrosyne's father, come to see how the work was getting on. Manolis lifted his head for a look at the stocky figure of the mayor, a man of driving energy.

To have to work for that man!

With a small shudder, Manolis gently lowered his head again. As he did so, his attention was caught by something which gleamed dully among the wet red earth half-fallen back into the other side of the trench. He propped himself on one elbow and considered it.

Efstratiou finished talking to the men and went off. Struck by a sudden thought, at last Manolis rose and stepped across the trench. He looked round suspiciously, then bent down. A moment later he was back in his old place again. Now he lay with his back to the others, rubbing away the red earth from what he had found.

It was a *coukla*, a small statuette made of stone. It was a statuette of a tiny woman, about eight inches high, her body and face as lovely as Euphrosyne's. She was perfect. There wasn't a chip anywhere.

Manolis adored her with his eyes. What a beauty! And what might she not fetch in Athens, for re-sale to some rich foreigner?

Long after the workmen had packed up and gone home, Manolis lay dreaming, the *coukla* safe inside his shirt. He was rich. Rich!

He must go to Athens at once to sell the *coukla*. He would go tomorrow, on one of the vegetable carts which left in the early morning.

He had to find a dealer in ancient things, in one of the huddled booths of the Old City. He would have to be careful whom he chose to share his secret. He had no wish to lose his *coukla* to the National Museum. For the law said she was not his, but the nation's.

He saw himself walking through Athens. But there was something wrong with the picture. He could not present himself, even before some old shopkeeper, in the rags he was wearing.

That evening Manolis went to his brother's house and tried to beg some clothes. His sister-in-law gave him a pair of socks, but seemed to have nothing else. Manolis thanked her, and went off to try his luck elsewhere. In vain. He had just about exhausted the patience and charity of his neighbours, themselves not well off. By the time he sought shelter for the night in Efstratiou's byre he was still no farther advanced on the road to Athens.

For the first time in his life he did not sleep. And by morning he had taken a desperate decision. He would have to earn some money.

That day there were four naked backs bending to the task on the building site.

A STRANGE pride came upon Manolis when he held in his hands for the first time money for which he had worked. Somehow his whole status in the village was changed. He could no longer cadge his bread and oil, but he spent like a miser, buying just sufficient to keep him going.

It took him more than three months of hard work to buy all he needed. His body hardened, and something purposeful came into his look and bearing. In the village the girls followed him with admiring looks. But Manolis had eyes for nobody but Euphrosyne. And yet, where was the point of thinking about Euphrosyne? Everybody knew that the son-in-law was chosen.

It was with a strange reluctance that Manolis at last set out for Athens. Neatly dressed, clean, newly shaven, he went to say goodbye to his brother and his family.

Later, Manolis hung about the Efstratiou home until he had had a last sight of Euphrosyne. Then he went down into the village to wait until the carter was ready to leave. . . .

Manolis had been to Athens before, but he knew nobody there. The city seemed vast to him. The traffic made his head swim.

He plunged into the crammed area of the Plaka and walked slowly along, looking into the small crowded windows of the dealers in antiques. He was already tired before he realized that he had no idea which shop to enter.

After a rest at a pavement café, he went back into the Old City and again trailed round the narrow streets, looking into likely shops. It seemed to him that every dealer in old and beautiful things had the same sort of wily, weasel face, the look of a man who would drive a hard bargain.

Evening was upon him almost before he realized that the day was gone. For the first time he understood that here in Athens there were no warm barns in which to shelter. What was he to do?

There was no help for it. He must spend some of his small savings.

A sponge-seller from whom he inquired sent him to one of the small adobe cottages at the

A sudden shrewd gleam came into the dealer's eyes. Perhaps this young man had found a rare antique. "Do you want to sell something?" he said

foot of Acropolis, where he found two elderly sisters willing to give him a bed for the night for a small sum. He was to remain with them for more than a year.

Manolis spent days tramping the grey, uneven pavements of the Plaka. Nowhere could he see a face which inspired him with confidence. He was becoming obsessed with the idea that, as soon as he showed his *coukla* to a dealer, the man would set out to cheat him, would offer him only a tenth, a hundredth part of her value. And how could he, a simple peasant, argue the case, since he had no idea what that value might be.

And if he showed her and then refused the man's offer, the dealer might out of spite turn him over to the police.

When his money was nearly gone, however, he decided he must take that risk. He carefully picked out a shop, and looked in the window for something whose price he might inquire as a pretext for going in. He chose a small smoke-blackened ikon of St. Nicholas.

Almost the first thing Manolis's eyes lighted upon when he entered the shop was a statuette not unlike his own. Even he could see, however, that it was far inferior. He picked it up and examined it.

"She's a nice little thing," remarked the hovering shopkeeper. "She's not really old, of course, or she wouldn't be here." He named the classic origin of which this was a copy.

"And the price?"

Old Dimitri named a sum which at first took Manolis's breath away. He was not accustomed to thinking in terms of hundreds of drachmae. How much, then, must his own *coukla* be worth, the real thing?

"What did you give the poor peasant who found it?" he asked, thinking himself very cunning.

"I don't buy worthless junk from peasants," the old man answered crossly. "This came from the sale of a first-class hotel." A sudden thought

Continued on page 41

Shirley Bassey talks backstage with her manager, Michael Sullivan. "I'm sorry for her," he says, "but I have to be strict"

Shirley Bassey hits the ceiling

by JOHN ENNIS

At twenty, she's top of the bill. It took her three stormy years to get there—and she never said "sorry" on the way

On her first visit to New York last spring Shirley Bassey, the twenty-year-old singing star from Cardiff, had a dinner appointment one evening with some rich and influential people. Her hosts arrived at her hotel in good time for dinner at eight o'clock.

Miss Bassey was still up in her room. Her hosts sipped cocktails and waited. At nine thirty one of them called her on the telephone. Miss Bassey came down.

She walked up to the others and looked at them with candid dark brown eyes. "To be quite honest," she said, "there was a play on television and I just couldn't leave it."

Miss Bassey, a thin, restless girl with a face that can be haughty, cheeky or beautiful in rapid succession, finds it difficult to keep up the poise demanded of an international cabaret star. While she was still eighteen her singing talent brought her stardom in a West End show and an engagement at the Café de Paris, then the pinnacle of every cabaret performer's ambition. In the last year she has sung in night clubs in many parts of Europe and the United States. In the coming year she expects her earnings to be £30,000.

Only three years ago she was a waitress in Cardiff, and the teenage girl persists in breaking through the veneer of sophistication. One Sunday night a few weeks ago she stood fidgeting in the dressing-room of a Blackpool theatre. She had finished her performance in a Sunday concert. Now she was ready to drive to Manchester, where she was due to sing on the following day; but she could not find her pianist.

Her anger grew. When he turned up an hour late she was in a rage.

"How dare you keep me waiting?" she said. "Anybody would think you were the star around here. Just remember—you work for me, I don't work for you."

Recalling this outburst, Miss Bassey says, "I was sorry afterwards, but I didn't apologize. I never apologize when I am right."

Some people wonder if she apologizes when she is wrong. Recently, while singing at a theatre in Manchester, she made an appointment to meet a man on business in a Manchester hotel. He made a special journey from London to Manchester and back in the one day. Miss Bassey did not keep the appointment and he had to return to London without seeing her. When next they met, she offered neither apology nor explanation.

Michael Sullivan, her manager, says: "The fact is, the kid gets fed up. She feels she is not getting anything out of being the fabulous night club singer. I feel sorry for her, but I have to be strict. She paid four thousand pounds for a house for her mother, and because she is too young to get a mortgage she has to put down the full amount. She desperately wants a car. She rang me the other day and said, 'Sabrina has a car, Tommy Steele has a car—why can't I?' I had to point out that she could not buy the house and the big car she wants and have money in the bank all at the same time."

Leslie Paul, who was Shirley's pianist at the Café de Paris, says: "There were times when she told me she didn't want to go on singing. She gets in a mood in which she asks, 'Why am I doing this?' At the same time she is very ambitious. She's a bit of an enigma."

Sullivan confesses that, in the rush to get established, Miss Bassey overworked. One night, when he was away from London, she collapsed during a show at the Adelphi Theatre.

When he returned, Shirley said, in her best old trouper manner, "I felt ill on the stage, but I managed to get into the wings before I fainted."

Thinking of the lost publicity, Sullivan said: "If you ever feel like fainting again, fall right there in the middle of the stage."

Angrily, Shirley replied: "That's just like you—you think only of the act. You never care about how I feel."

She broke down completely once after a heavy day of recording, rehearsing for a television show and performing in a theatre. Just as she was due to leave the theatre to sing before the cameras at the Albany Club she began screaming. A member of the stage staff tried to calm her hysterics by slapping her face.

A slap from anyone else might have brought her round, but she had already had a difference with this man some days earlier. She now mistook the helpful slap for a vicious attack and she screamed all the more. Sullivan dragged her to a taxi and got her to the Albany Club.

There, still sobbing, she locked herself in the ladies' powder room. She stayed there until one minute before she was due to sing. Sullivan

With a kitchen table for a stage, cabaret singer Shirley Bassey entertains her family at their home in South Wales. Only three years ago she was working as a waitress in Cardiff

Once she sang in a working men's club ; now it's sophisticated London night spots. Next year singing will bring her about £30,000

could see tears in her eyes as he watched her performance on the monitor screen. She forgot part of her lyric. Next day she had the best press notices she has ever had, before or since.

Miss Bassey has a belting voice that has never been known to lose its power, even after a recording session in which, without complaining, she has sung the same two songs thirty times over in order to get them just right. Critics have compared her with Eartha Kitt, the American cabaret star. Miss Kitt herself seems to accept the comparison; recently she tried to buy one of Shirley's most successful songs. Shirley refused to sell.

In the tradition of sophisticated cabaret, Shirley has built a reputation for singing a type of song that could never become family entertainment. The song that Eartha Kitt tried to buy is one written especially for her by Ross Parker, entitled "Burn My Candle." The B.B.C. put the song on its blacklist, then complicated matters by asking Miss Bassey to take part in an item called *The Song That Made The Star*. If any one song had brought her fame it was "Burn My Candle," but Shirley didn't argue. She sang two other songs instead.

Some time ago she sang her way into trouble at a dinner at the Dorchester, London, given by the management of a Wolverhampton factory to employees and their wives. The men present applauded loudly for Shirley's first number; but from then on the applause grew weaker as wives looked disapprovingly at their husbands.

Another dinner, for the remainder of the staff, was due to be held a fortnight later. The wives of the second batch petitioned the factory's management, asking that their husbands should not be submitted to Shirley's scorching songs. Shirley heard of this and withdrew from the cabaret.

Shirley Bassey is the daughter of a West African seaman and a Yorkshirewoman. Though she has been called the Tigress from Tiger Bay, she was, in fact, a very small cub of two years when she moved from that notorious area to the more prosaic Splott district of Cardiff, and only twice in her life has she come close to living lawlessly. Once, when she was a child, a policeman called at her home after she had dived head-first through the plate glass window of a pie shop during a rough street-game. Later she was hidden behind the band when police made a routine call on a licensed club where she sang, a teetotal but under-age fifteen-year-old.

She was unambitiously packing enamelware in the daytime when an agent heard her sing in a working men's club and put her in a touring show called *Memories Of Jolson*. She toured again in *Hot From Harlem*; then, seventeen and disillusioned, she went home and took a job as a waitress.

Sullivan was arranging an all-coloured show in 1954 and he needed a singer to fill in before the curtain while the scenes were changed. One of the cast remembered Shirley, and Sullivan wired an invitation to an audition. He watched her act for four nights. She wore a white party dress and she could not have looked less like a sultry cabaret star, but her talent was enough for Sullivan. He decided to drop all his other commitments and concentrate on Shirley alone. He signed her on a ten-year contract.

SULLIVAN insists that Shirley is not yet a star. "She is star material," he says. "A star is somebody like Marlene Dietrich, who can disappear for months and still pack in the crowds when she returns. In six years Shirley will be a star of that kind."

To increase her market value, Sullivan has turned down film and variety offers that, for reasons of finance, he has itched to accept.

Recently Shirley telephoned Sullivan to ask if she might appear on a Sunday charity show.

"No," he told her.

"But Mike, it's for charity," she said.

"Who's going to be top of the bill?" Sullivan asked. Shirley named the artist who had asked her to appear.

"That's what I thought," Sullivan said. "You can appear in a charity show when *your* name gets top billing."

Shirley's talent tends to make an immediate impression on hard-headed experts in show business. Johnny Franz, a recordings manager, heard her sing "Stormy Weather" on television. He had missed the announcement of her name, and he had to telephone the studio to get it. "I was overwhelmed by her performance," he says. "I signed her to an exclusive recording contract the next day."

Her records, unlike her cabaret songs, are for the popular market. Getting her to agree that a song is right for her is a problem for Franz. He sits at the piano in his office playing song after song, but the session often ends with Shirley refusing to be convinced and Franz and Sullivan standing silently chain-smoking, hands in pockets, staring at their shoes, wondering what else they can say.

It was like that when Franz tried to get Shirley to record "Banana Boat Song."

Shirley said: "It's horrible."

Franz handed her a rough demonstration record of the song. "Don't decide now," he said. "Take this home and play it over the weekend. If you still don't like it on Monday, we'll forget it."

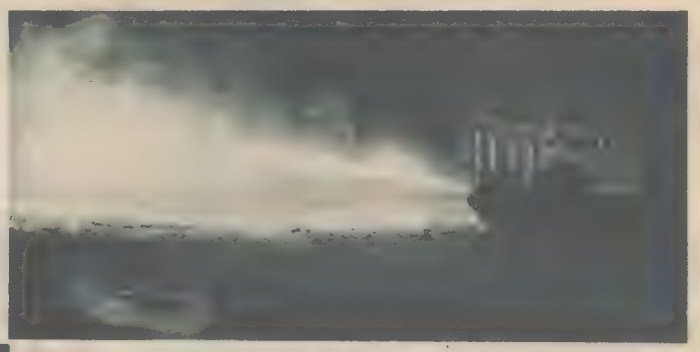
On the Monday she admitted that she liked the song a little better. She recorded it. While she was in America, Franz wrote to tell her that her record had climbed high in the Hit Parade.

Unrepentant, Shirley wired back: "I certainly know how to pick a song." THE END

A rich blonde goes out to work

From the fierce heat of a platinum crucible molten glass seeps out in fine fibres. These are woven into cloth

As a catalyst, platinum is used in flame throwers and to make new drugs. In thermometers it gauges 1,900 degrees Centigrade



A new, flintless lighter in which a battery heats a platinum wire to fire the petrol vapour

Once platinum led a life of leisure as a plaything for the rich. Now it earns its keep all over the world

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

Princess Margaret's brooch of diamonds in platinum. The precious metal is now rarely used for making jewellery

FOR nearly six months last year, the fate of the £1 million Britannia airliner depended on finding a cure for its coughing engines. Under certain circumstances ice crystals formed in the air supply and extinguished the flame in the combustion chamber.

"Flame out" meant that the pilot lost power and vital time re-igniting the engines.

The Whispering Giant's cough was cured finally by a pencil-thick metal tube about two inches long. This device, called a "glow plug," stores enough heat to cause the fuel mixture to burst into flame again automatically.

Glow plugs are made of platinum alloy, one of the few substances able to withstand the intense heat inside a jet engine. They work because of the metal's catalytic properties—it facilitates the chemical reaction without undergoing any change itself.

Platinum is now working for a living. Instead of adorning women's fingers or setting off their diamonds, more and more is going into cigarette lighters, telephones, X-ray machines, guided missiles, dental plates, surgical instruments, thermometers, sparking plugs and oil refineries.

A single modern refinery may use 100,000 ounces of this precious metal to produce high octane fuel from petrol. This is a fifth of the world's annual production, excluding Russia's.

Platinum is measured by troy weight with twelve ounces to the pound. A troy ounce is 1.0971428 avoirdupois ounces.

If all the platinum produced outside Russia this year (about 500,000 ounces) were made into a solid block, it would be a four-foot cube. This cube would weigh a little more than fifteen tons and be worth almost £19 million. It could be drawn into wire, one-thousandth of an inch in diameter, that would stretch nearly 900,000 miles.

Very little—between nine and twelve per cent—will go into jewellery. But 45,000 ounces would make 3,600,000 wedding rings.

Some platinum will be made into threads half the thickness of a human hair and woven on looms into gauze that is vital in some chemical processes. One of these is the production of nitric acid and most of the world's supply is made by a process in which platinum's catalytic powers play an essential part.

The catalytic effect is also employed in the manufacture of antibiotic drugs, in military flame throwers and in a new cigarette lighter.

This lighter contains a tiny battery that heats a two-inch length of platinum wire. The hot wire ignites petrol vapour without the need of a flint and spark.

Platinum's high melting point, 1,769 degrees Centigrade, makes it valuable for use in thermometers. These are based on the principle that a constant electric current passing through the metal will encounter different degrees of resistance as the temperature changes. This can be measured and the exact heat recorded.

One device, known as a thermocouple, uses platinum and rhodium alloys, and measures temperatures up to 1,900 degrees Centigrade.

Platinum is used to define the International Temperature Scale. It also forms the standard kilogramme, the standard metre and the standard pound. The pound is measured by a cylinder 1.35 inches high and 1.15 inches in diameter.

High melting point, resistance to almost all acids and stability in air make platinum an ideal material for laboratory vessels used in precise chemical analysis. Crucibles, dishes, strainers and tongs are made for this purpose.

Crucibles weighing as much as forty pounds (avoirdupois) of pure platinum are used in the glass industry. Molten glass is corrosive and quickly wears out most types of container but a platinum or platinum-rhodium alloy trough is used successfully at temperatures up to 1,500 degrees Centigrade in making glass fibre.

Continuous glass filament is made by pouring melted glass into a trough and allowing it to seep through holes in its base. The threads are woven into cloth for curtain material or, reinforced with resins, to make stiff sheets for boat hulls or car bodies.

Rayon is made by a similar process in which cellulose solution is forced through tiny holes in a spinneret made from platinum, rhodium and gold. The spinneret is a metal disc one to six inches in diameter with a thickness between one and five-eighths of an inch. As many as 25,000 holes, only .0015 inches in diameter, permit the cellulose to pass through.

Platinum was noted in 1538 by travellers to Europe, but samples were not brought to Britain until two hundred years later. The Spaniards regarded the metal as a nuisance because its principal use at the time was in counterfeiting. A piece of platinum was smeared with gold and passed off as a solid gold nugget.

Today this practice is no longer economical with platinum at £31 an ounce, or nearly triple the price of gold. In 1951, because of stockpiling during the Korean war, platinum fetched £55 an ounce.

Counterfeiters also used platinum in Russia, where supplies were discovered in the Urals in 1819. Although scientific uses were developed in England early in the nineteenth century, the Russians did not know of a use for it.

By Imperial decree in 1828, platinum was designated for use in Russian coins. These were withdrawn hastily eighteen years later when a fall in the price of the metal made it profitable for Westerners to forge the coins and smuggle them into Russia.

Russian production has been a state secret since the revolution but from time to time the Soviet authorities export quantities to replenish their stock of foreign currency. In April, 1956, they sent nearly a ton of platinum, worth £1,320,000, to London.

PLATINUM is mined in Colombia, Alaska and Abyssinia and small quantities are found in New South Wales, Borneo, Papua and Sierra Leone. The most important sources are in Rustenburg, South Africa and Sudbury, Canada.

The Sudbury mines yield mainly nickel, but for every 150 tons of ore there is one ounce of platinum.

The entire Sudbury and Rustenburg output comes to Britain for refining, making this country the largest refiner of platinum and its five associated metals, palladium, rhodium, osmium, iridium and ruthenium.

Sale of the new metal in this country is controlled by two companies, Baker Platinum Division of Engelhard Industries Limited, and Johnson Matthey & Company Limited. They also handle secondary metal—platinum that has been used and returned for re-refining.

Platinum's high melting point makes it difficult to work, and not until 1758 did European scientists manage to melt it. But two thousand years ago the Aztecs used it in jewellery. Their method remains a mystery. THE END

Henry Dagnell reaches for the Holy Thistle jar. Herbal remedies are still popular. Louis Armstrong uses one to keep his weight down

Take a pinch of dragon's blood . . .

It may tempt back a sweetheart. Try bryony root for a black eye or logwood for a shiny suit

by ROBERT HOLLES

WHEN Wilfred Pickles visited a herbalist's shop near the Elephant and Castle in London to record an interview for his B.B.C. radio programme, he asked the proprietor, Henry Dagnell, if he could recommend a herbal preparation to cure thinning hair. Dagnell, a tall, grey-haired, rather earnest man, mentioned a product which he had found effective.

On the day after the broadcast Dagnell was surprised to see a queue of men forming outside his shop. Many were bald, and nearly all had come in search of a hair restorer. "Unfortunately it was a Sunday," says Dagnell, "so I had to turn away potential customers."

The clientele of most herbalists consists of people seeking remedies for complaints which have failed to respond to orthodox treatment. Most suffer from minor ailments, but herbalists claim that there is a herbal remedy for every known physical affliction, provided that treatment goes on long enough for the curative properties of the herbs to take effect. Unlike the consulting herbalists, two or three hundred of whom practise in Britain, Dagnell makes no attempt to diagnose illness. "The customers tell me what is wrong and I try to provide the appropriate remedy," he says.

The trade in herbal products still flourishes in all parts of the country, particularly in the north. Apart from shops which sell herbs in addition to chemical products and proprietary medicines, the British Herbalists' Union lists more than fifty vendor firms which are concerned solely with marketing herbs.

The B.H.U. and a similar organization, the National Institute of Medical Herbalists, represent all branches of the trade. Both are members of the General Council of Natural Therapeutics, the governing body for unorthodox healers, which includes herbalists, osteopaths and naturopaths.

Both the herbalists' societies hold examinations in the use and knowledge of medicinal herbs and confer their own degrees. Two or three years of concentrated part-time study are considered necessary to learn the business. The profession as a whole is continually trying to kill the mysticism which traditionally surrounds the use of herbs and to discourage eccentrics.

HERBALISTS carry on their trade under the authority of a charter granted by Henry VIII, and many of their products which are popular today have been in fashion for centuries. But Dagnell says: "Some of the claims made in the old books were highly extravagant." He avoids the word "cure" in relation to herbs. "They provide remedies and reliefs, but there is always the possibility that the ailment will recur when you stop using them."

Many of his customers stick rigidly to herbal remedies which they have been using for years, and Dagnell often has to make up combinations of herbs based on the original specifications of herbalists who have long since died or gone out of business. One client asked for a preparation containing a herb which Dagnell found had grown on the Battersea marshes in the early eighteenth century, but hadn't been heard of since. During a tour of Britain in 1956, the American jazz trumpeter Louis Armstrong

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NERVE TONIC PILLS
THE VALUE OF THESE PILLS
CAN ONLY BE ESTIMATED TO
THEIR FULLEST EXTENT BY
THOSE WHO HAVE TRIED THEM
TOUCH & GO
WARTS CORNS. HARD SKI

Many herbs stocked by Dagnell are a basis for modern medicines. But herbal remedies can't be obtained on National Health prescriptions

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

TREASON ROCK

by VICTOR CANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Daphne wanted a man of ambition—a man like Neil. She could make him famous . . . when she had rid herself of her husband

WITH its lights extinguished, the flying-boat touched down off the coast of Mora, a volcanic rock in mid-Atlantic. Mietus gave no orders. His men had been trained for this moment. A door was opened. Cold sea air cut through the cabin. Within minutes rubber dinghies were carrying the men ashore. . . .

There were five of them. Five hardened killers, briefed to free the exiled leaders of the Cyrenian independence movement, and restore them to their Mediterranean homeland.

Cyrenia. . . . For years this turbulent colony—part Turk, part Arab, with Britain holding the ring—had been in the world's headlines. But now there was hope of respite from terrorism. Hadid Chebir, the Arab leader; Colonel Mawzi, his chief of staff; and Marion, Chebir's lovely English wife, had been deported to Mora, with their servant, Abou. They were held in the old fort—Fort Sebastian—with Major Richmond and twelve soldiers to guard them.

Already John Richmond knew something of the passions the exiles were nursing. He had seen the vicious joy with which Mawzi struck his leader to bring him round from a faint. But neither he nor anybody else had heard Marion Chebir muttering tearfully to the ceiling above her bed: "Damn Hadid and damn Mawzi! I hate them both."

Emotion was tense, too, on Mora's neighbour island of San Borodon. Daphne Burrows, daughter of Sir George Hator, governor of the group, had made up her mind. She would leave her dull, cheerful, naval officer husband, Teddy. Perhaps Neil Grayson, her father's ambitious aide, would be a fitter partner for a well-connected, strikingly beautiful, very bored girl?

PART TWO

Grayson Gets A Proposition

AT the San Borodon Government House the garden ended on the seaward side in a small promontory topped with a little stucco-and-tile gazebo that looked down across Port Carlos harbour. It was a wild part of the garden, deliberately left to itself by Sir George, who had a dislike of too much formality in gardens. A fleshy-leaved *monstera deliciosa* wreathed its way up the gazebo and spread across the roof, fighting with plumbago and bougainvillaea.

Teddy Burrows and his wife, Daphne, were sitting on the terrace just outside the gazebo. Teddy Burrows, comfortable from two glasses of the governor's port, one of his cigars now in his hand, sprawled a little, at ease, the stiff front of his mess shirt bulging gently, a polished white shield in the darkness.

He sat there talking about port, enjoying his cigar and, although he wouldn't have said this to her, enjoying Daphne's company. For a long time now he had sensed always the edge of resistance, of discord between them. But tonight it was gone.

It was his first night in Port Carlos for many days and he had expected her to be annoyed that he had decided to sleep aboard. After all, they had to pull out at four in the morning. But she had taken it reasonably. Taken it so well, in fact, that it almost made him want to stay.

Actually, Daphne was thinking to herself, *the poor dear's got it all wrong*. Since she had made her decision, this business of sleeping ashore had become unimportant. And now that she knew she was going to leave Teddy, there was a new tenderness in her. He would do better without her, would find himself somebody more suited to him. In a way she was doing him a favour by her own ruthlessness.

She stood up and the stiff under-petticoat of her dress swung the skirt out in a wide flare that brushed against his knees. The movement stirred the air and it was touched with the fragrance of her scent. Teddy held her hand as she stood above him, tall, slim, her hair like a wan flame.

She spoke. "If the Dunoon goes out at four, you'd better get back and have some sleep. How long will you be away?"

"Depends. It's a heavy patrol schedule."

They walked back to the house, hand in hand. A few minutes later Teddy was walking down the hill to Port Carlos by himself. It was near midnight and the moon was rising far out at sea. He smiled, thinking of Daphne. She was a good girl and he was damned lucky to have married her. . . . Just for a moment, in his imagination, she was in his arms again, her lips warm and stirring gently against his. . . .

In his little office which was next door to the library on the ground floor, Neil Grayson had done two hours' work after leaving Sir George and Teddy Burrows over their port. He was in the middle of making up Sir George's annual report.

He went into the library and poured himself a large whisky and soda. At the side of the deep leather armchair by the window was a neatly folded pile of copies of *The Times* which Sir George had been reading through. The old man was in bed now. Grayson went out on to the veranda, put his feet up on a cane chair and relaxed with his whisky. It was a warm, airless night. He undid the front of his dinner jacket to make himself more comfortable and sipped at his drink.

Daphne Burrows came round the far end of the veranda and stood under one of the shaded lights. Her hands resting on the balustrading, she looked down towards Port Carlos.

Grayson watched her, aware of her, as he always was, not as Sir George's daughter, or as Teddy Burrows's wife, but as a woman, and as usual his curiosity was stirred. Because she was Sir George's daughter, she had no place in his world; but because she was a woman, and the kind of woman whom normally he felt himself drawn to, she had a large place in his fantasy. That pale hair, that clear pink-and-white complexion and the lazy, yet somehow noble elegance of her body challenged him. It was like a bell ringing. But there were some bells you had to ignore.

She turned and came down the veranda towards him. He stood up as she dropped into a chair. She looked at his glass. "A large whisky is what I want, too, Neil," she said.

HE brought the drink and put it on the table at her side. As he sat down, she reached for it and drank, and they sat in silence for a while. Then very calmly she said: "Teddy's gone back to the Dunoon."

"I know."

She held up the glass and twisted it a little in her hand. The distant light made the glass facets sparkle a little.

"It would be easy," she said, "if a whisky and soda were the answer to everything."

He knew then that she wanted to talk to him. When he made no reply she laughed quietly and put the glass down. "I know, that's a silly remark. But it isn't always possible to go straight to the point."

"Before you do, it's better to make sure that you really want to go there."

She shook her head. "No, I don't want to be let out. That's what you mean. I've made up my mind. I'm going to leave Teddy."

He was silent for a moment, his mind working fast. She'd never made any confidence to him before. They called one another "Neil" and "Daphne," but that was the limit of their informal contacts. But he knew that she was clear-sighted, determined, and not without ruthlessness. It was easy to recognize in others the things you possessed yourself.

"Divorce?" he said.

"Yes. It'll be arranged somehow. In a few weeks I shall go back to England."

"Does Sir George know about this?"

"Not yet. Nobody knows, except me—and now you."

He didn't miss that either, but it was less of a surprise to him. "Sir George won't take to it kindly," he said.

"He will in time. I can manage him."

"I don't doubt it." He smiled and she answered

Continued on page 30

Marion stared at the sea. This man Richmond had a tough job as her jailer, she thought. What was he really like behind all his formality?

Mummy, I know what Daddy wants for Christmas

Do you Jimmy What is it?

One of those new Gillette razors

And for the man at the top of your Christmas list it is the right answer, too. You can choose him a razor that is 'tailor-made' to match his skin and beard... from Gillette's new Superspeed Trio—Light, Medium or Heavy. (The man in the shop will help you choose.) A quick-action razor—a quick-feed dispenser with 4 Blue Gillette Blades—all in a handy streamlined case for only **7/6**

GILLETTE *for Christmas*

A harassing day with the family can cause fatigue—and accidents. Tired drivers may see non-existent traffic lights and houses blocking the road

Drivers who can't help killing

by KEITH ELLIS

They seem fit, they take care, and they obey the law. But still they go on crashing. Is there a cure for the motorists who commit mayhem on the road?

BILL SHAW will always remember the day he got the policeman drunk. An enthusiastic young scientist who was working for the Medical Research Council's applied Psychology Research Unit, he wanted to find out what effect alcohol had on drivers. So he invited twelve crack police drivers to chauffeur him round the tank-testing ground at Chobham, Surrey.

Last year there were 216,172 accidents on British roads. Altogether, 5,367 people were killed, 61,455 seriously injured and 201,138 slightly injured. But the most alarming thing about road accidents is not the extent of the casualties. Far more disturbing is the fact that nobody knows why they happen.

The road accident statistics tell *how* they happen. They say precisely what class of road-user is affected, at what age, month, day and time. They describe the vehicles involved, the type of road and the movements of all parties to the accident. But *why* is not explained.

Today several organizations are trying to discover the underlying causes of road accidents. They include the Medical Research Council, the government's Road Research Laboratory and some car manufacturers. The police are interested and work has also been done by individual psychologists and by the forces.

Leaving aside the superficial but admittedly important causes such as ignorance, lack of skill, bad manners and impatience, they are trying to bring to light the hidden factors.

Alcohol is a perennial suspect.

Shaw's car had a light fitted on the bonnet to represent the stop light of a car ahead, and two tiny lights on the edges of the windscreen. Sitting beside each driver, he flashed one or other of the lights eighteen times during an hour's run. At each signal, the driver had to brake. A machine in the boot recorded the time it took him to react.

Next, Shaw mixed for each driver a cocktail consisting of orange juice, angostura bitters and pure alcohol. It had the kick of five or six whiskies. He then asked the policemen to drive him round again. He flashed the same eighteen signals and the machine again recorded the reaction times.

Another day, Shaw mixed yet more cocktails. But this time they had the alcoholic content of ten or a dozen whiskies. The first driver was so stupefied that he slowed down to a crawl, weaved all over the road and halfway through the test slumped senseless over the wheel.

The second driver was the exact opposite. Full of confidence, he drove off at full speed, became more and more erratic and finally, at 75 m.p.h., braked savagely. He skidded off the road and came to a halt with the car up to its axles in stones and dirt.

As he crawled out of the observation seat, Shaw decided to call off the rest of the experiment. But he had made his point. The second batch of cocktails, the ones equivalent to ten or a dozen whiskies, would produce the blood alcohol content which the police usually take as a *minimum* before prosecuting a driver.

But after the much weaker cocktails, his records showed that, as a group, his crack police

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Scientist Bill Shaw shows his wife the lights used in his tests. When they flash on, drivers must brake. A machine records their reactions

WOLF DOG

by ARTHUR MAYSE

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

He was a fine retriever . . . till a bully turned him into a killer. Then these kids brought him to me—with blood still warm on his fangs

My dogs began to bark for visitors and, when I looked up, a couple of teen-age youngsters were squabbling their way across the kennel yard with a black Labrador between them.

I knew that dog at once for one of my Brierbank retrievers: it showed in the set of his ears and the cavalry-sabre curve of his thick tail. But I didn't recognize the girl and boy with him, and that puzzled me, because I make it a point to get to know a family pretty thoroughly before turning a Brierbank dog over to them.

The girl, a slight little thing, dropped the Labrador with a hand signal. I knew him then, although it was a year since I'd laid eyes on him. The show name that went with the noseprint on his papers was Brierbanks' Black Diablo. He'd been the quiet one of his litter, the pup we called Gentleman Jim.

I clucked at him and he lifted his head, his slip collar glinting, but he stayed quiet as a trained dog ought to. He was gaunt, and the hair across his shoulders was oddly ruffled. When I bent to peer, I saw the white line of a scar.

"What's this?" I asked. "A hunting accident?"

The boy didn't answer. The girl gave me a quick nod. "I'm Janice Murchison," she said. "My uncle got Jim from your kennels." She looked about seventeen, and she sounded nervous. "We—I wondered if you'd board Jim for me, and train him."

"It depends," I told her. I was still puzzled, and there was something here that I didn't altogether like the smell of. "No offence, Miss Murchison, but I'd have to be sure of a few things first."

"I can pay, if that's what you mean." The girl's fingers fumbled with the clasp of her handbag. "I've got a job in town, Mr. Kellaher."

"What I want to know more than anything else," I said to her, "is why your uncle sends a retriever down for boarding with the shooting season about to start."

I'd known Andrew Murchison for years, and never liked him. He ran a hunting lodge at Lagos, farther north along the British Columbia coast; a beefy, high-coloured, hot-tempered man, stubborn and cocksure.

"Another thing," I went on. "You mentioned training, but Jim here was a trained dog when he left me."

"I didn't mean that kind of training," the girl said. She twisted the handbag in her hands, speaking in an anxious, distracted way. "And

Across the dog's shoulders I saw the white line of a new scar. "What's this?" I asked. "A hunting accident?" The boy didn't answer

I had my sights on the dog when fingers dug my arm. "Stop!" Peter said urgently. "Something funny's going on down there"

it isn't Andrew Murchison who wants Jim boarded—it's me. My uncle gave Jim to me some little while ago."

"That'd be after the hunting accident?"

The boy had been standing aside, as if he'd sooner keep out of this. His voice startled me. "It was no accident." He dropped the words harshly. He was a brown-haired, lanky young fellow, a little older than her. "Janice, you promised you'd tell him the truth."

The girl stared at the ground, and the boy frowned at her, and the dog and I watched her. She seemed confused and ready to cry.

Finally the boy took over for her. "This dog's a killer." He spoke gruffly. "My dad and me, we keep sheep. Dad shot this—butcher—with his teeth in the neck of one of our ewes. But he only got him in the shoulder." The boy took a breath, eyeing the girl as if he hated her. "If you ask me, an inch lower would have saved a lot of trouble."

"Then why joggle his arm?" Janice Murchison flashed at him.

"Because I'm a darned fool, I suppose."

"If it weren't for Jim," she told him hotly, "you might be a dead fool, Peter Holland."

Her head was up and she wasn't crying. She swung to face me, where I stood with my thoughts in somewhat of a whirl. "Mr. Kellaher, you owe Jim something, too. If you hadn't sold him to my uncle, he'd never have landed in trouble." She was practically on tiptoe, hand clenched on the Labrador's leash, dark eyes accusing me from a face white as canoe birch. "And he wouldn't stand before you now, a—a convicted killer."

I can let fly, too, when the occasion warrants. But this didn't seem the time for it; and anyway I had to concede her point. Even with hard times pinching me, I should never have sold a dog to a bungler like Andrew Murchison.

"Your convicted killer's sitting, not standing," I said to Janice. "It seems to me we could follow his example."

I started for the house and they tagged after me, the big black dog pacing at the girl's heel. I settled them in my kitchen and put coffee on to heat.

The girl had calmed down. I said, making conversation: "You live with your uncle?"

"Yes," she said. "My parents are dead."

"Rather young to be working, aren't you? I'd have thought you belonged in school."

"Try and convince her," Peter Holland said. "She'd be starting university tomorrow on a scholarship, if it weren't for her precious pet." He laughed. "They say mules are stubborn."

I did let fly then. "Stop that," I ordered him. "Maybe she belongs in college, maybe no. That doesn't concern me. What does is how a dog I bred and trained got turned into a sheep killer. If you can help put me straight, that's fine. If you can't, just you keep quiet and let your girl tell me."

"I'm not his girl," Janice said; and the boy muttered: "That's for true."

The kitchen was quiet now and stayed so, while I set out cups and fetched the coffee. When Janice did tell me the story, her voice hardly disturbed that quiet.

"I'll tell you the truth," she said. "All of it, Mr. Kellaher." Her hand continued to stroke Jim's head. "Then, if that isn't enough, I'll ask you to lend me a gun."

I froze with the coffee pot in my fist. "You mean you'd go and shoot that dog?"

Her brown head nodded. "Better me than Peter's father," she said, "or the game warden, or the first rancher to spot him." Her eyes were steady on me, and the grief in them was plain. "I wasn't just being dramatic. Jim's been tried and convicted. I've been allowed to bring him to you because you're his only chance."

I've found myself in some mighty queer spots during thirty years as a kennel owner, but I'd never before been turned into a one-man court of appeal. I sat there with the weight of judgment heavy on my shoulders, while my coffee cooled and her soft voice ran on, telling how it had gone with Gentleman Jim from the day, almost a year back, when she watched her uncle strut down the steamer gangplank at Lagos with the retriever at heel.

To understand what the girl told me, there is something about Labradors you need to know. No matter who writes the cheque, a Labrador's affections can't be bought. Before he was five minutes ashore—squatting on the dock planks while Andrew Murchison blew off to all and sundry about what he'd paid for a Brierbank dog—Gentleman Jim had made his choice.

He looked up at Janice where she stood in jeans and shirt with the breeze in her hair, and she gazed at him. She touched his head between the square-set ears and he didn't twitch a muscle. But the spark had passed between them in that moment, and the weld was made.

Maybe Murchison sensed what was happening, although he didn't run to sensitivity, and had never paid the orphan girl under his roof much heed. Anyway, he gave Jim a curt "Hie on!" and bent for his suitcase. Jim ambled across the wharf, his coat shining in the autumn sunlight, to where some logger had shed his old work gloves. The dog picked up one of those worn-out gloves and brought it to Janice, and dropped it before her. It's the Labrador trick—I never yet saw one that didn't fetch gifts to the one he's chosen to love.

This being steamer day, practically the whole of Lagos had come in to the landing on one errand or another. Peter Holland's dad was there to pick up fence wire and, when the blunt and hearty rancher saw that by-play, he cut loose with a loud guffaw.

"Looks like you've lost your wonder-dog, Andy," he called; and Murchison reddened up like a turkey cock.

"Like hell I have," he answered, and slipped a finger through the ring on Jim's collar. "A week from now this dog will know who's boss."

I broke in on Janice here. I couldn't help it. "Your uncle was seven kinds of a fool," I said to her. "Jim knew who was boss. He didn't need any showing."

Peter Holland frowned at me across the table. "And you think just having the dog work for him would be enough for Murchison?" he said. "A man who slaps his wife around and turns his niece into a slavey?"

"Peter!" Janice spoke in quick protest, but the boy's angry voice rushed on. "Ask her about that, Mr. Kellaher. Ask why she encouraged the dog to make up to her when she knew how her uncle'd take it." His scowl shifted to Janice. "We were all set," he said accusingly. "You had to go and spoil everything. Why couldn't you have let that dog alone?"

"We weren't all set, Peter." The girl spoke with a kind of indulgent patience, as if to somebody much younger. "Even before Jim came, I'd seen that." She said to me: "Peter wanted us to get married; he was sure his father would support us while we went to university. I knew it wouldn't work." Her voice was small and soft, and very stubborn. "Anyway, Jim needed me. How could I run out on him?"

I understood the boy's resentment now, although I wasn't sitting here to referee any lovers' quarrel.

"Fight later if you want to," I told them. "Right now we've other fish to fry." I said to Janice: "You still haven't told me what happened between Jim and your uncle."

"Nothing happened," Janice said. "Not right away. We had guests at the lodge and Jim worked well with their pointer on grouse. One of those hunters wanted to buy Jim, but my uncle wouldn't sell.

"Then, the day after they left, he loaned me one of his guns and told me we were going hunting. I was suspicious because I knew he was up to something. But I went along."

Jim had settled by her ankles, muzzle on paws, but he wasn't asleep; his brown eyes were melting-sad, which in a Labrador is a sign of happiness.

"We'd each got a blue grouse," Janice said, "and Jim was working beautifully. Then he froze on another blue. I put it up, and my uncle tried two long shots with the bird going straight away from him. He missed. I'm certain he missed. Jim was sure, too, because he gave us that reproachful look they have. But my uncle sent him in to retrieve."

"Sent him in after a bird that wasn't there?"

"Yes," Janice said. "But Jim went. He worked every inch of that tangle. He came

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The Germans were making tank turrets in the factory owned by a Frenchman, Robert Peugeot

'May we blow up your factory?'

by Colonel Maurice Buckmaster

Peugeot held the lives of his workers in his hands. If he granted Harry's daring request, they might all be saved. If not, they would be sacrificed—to the R.A.F.

OUR office in Baker Street, London, was not known to many people. Even my wife never discovered it until one day in 1943, when she went to visit a friend and took along our bull terrier bitch, Misty.

I had taken Misty to the office several times during the air-raids, when my wife was on duty at a first aid post.

Now, as my wife passed the door of the building, Misty turned in and led the way to the commissionaire. She got no farther, but my wife deduced the reason for the dog's detour.

I think that was the biggest breach of security which ever occurred at our office—headquarters of the French section of Special Operations Executive.

My working day was determined by the phase our operations had reached. Generally I would arrive early at the office, either by bus, taxi, or in the car of a F.A.N.Y. driver. To avoid being seen leaving home in her car I would usually meet the F.A.N.Y. at South Kensington Station, or at a bus stop. I avoided routine, though I never thought very seriously of anybody wanting to kill me.

If things were reasonably quiet at Baker Street around supper time I would go home to Chelsea for dinner with my wife, and then perhaps leave again around eight o'clock and cycle back to Baker Street.

My average working day lasted about eighteen hours. Even away from the office the phone would ring in the middle of the night and a coy voice say: "Two umbrellas have been seen in Hyde Park." This told me that two parachute drops had been made in the Jura *département*. The conversation might proceed: "Red umbrellas or blue ones?" (Was it men or material we had succeeded in dropping?)

"Two blue ones—with handles." (Two agents with their wireless sets and equipment.)

Another time I might be told: "Two frogs are croaking in the lily pond." (Two wireless operators had contacted us from Lille.) If their messages were urgent I would cycle to Baker Street to see them.

By mid-1943 R.A.F. raids on Germany and enemy-held Europe had been greatly stepped up. This enabled us to operate a plan submitted to us by Harry Rée, our *réseau*—resistance unit—leader in the Franche-Comté.

Harry was a very tough and daring man whose idea required a good deal of nerve. An agent had to get in touch with the owner of a factory and ask his permission to destroy it.

Harry first did this with a Peugeot factory making tank turrets for the Germans. He rang up Robert Peugeot himself and obtained an interview.

The Peugeots lived in considerable luxury, for the factory was doing well in the service of the Boches. Many French industrialists found it very rewarding to co-operate with the Germans; in Robert Peugeot's case, however, he did so with the greatest reluctance.

Harry Rée was very direct with him. "Some friends and myself—we want to blow up your factory."

"Blow up . . . are you mad?"

"I am a British officer, Monsieur Peugeot—I am not mad." Rée knew that Peugeot was afraid that he might be a German provocateur. "Do you ever listen to the B.B.C.?" Rée asked.

"Not as a rule, no."

"I will arrange for them to repeat any message you like to give me now before the seven o'clock news the evening after next. Would that convince you?"

"All right," said Peugeot. "Have them say: *La guerre de Trois n'aura pas lieu.*"

These B.B.C. messages were very useful. Originally we dropped money with our men. This was both dangerous and wasteful. We therefore decided to allow our men to borrow cash from patriotic Frenchmen on the promise of reimbursement after the war. Nothing at all was given to the leader as receipt for the loan. Naturally, however, the contact wished to be convinced that the agent was genuine.

We could prove this best by a B.B.C. message. The Frenchman chose, quite at random, a phrase for repetition by the B.B.C.'s French Service. When it was repeated, the money was handed over without a qualm.

It was my job in 1944 to go round and repay the money. In every case the Treasury met the claims without question, and the total sum involved was considerable.

Harry Rée relied on us to transmit Peugeot's chosen phrase. The B.B.C. did not fail him

Roger Landes, called Aristide. He tracked down a traitor who betrayed his countrymen for love

Harry Rée devised a daring scheme: to blow up French factories but ask the owners first

or us: "*Quelques messages personnels,*" came the announcer's measured voice. "*Charles est très malade . . . Marcel aime Marceline . . . Il n'y a pas de bananes . . . La guerre de Troie n'aura pas lieu . . . Yvette a dix doigts. . . .*"

As soon as Harry heard the announcer repeat Peugeot's message he hurried round to the industrialist's house.

The maid seemed to be away a long time, then showed him into a small sitting-room. Harry went to the window.

Suddenly there was the sound of voices—German voices. Harry went to the door, then ran to the window and heaved it up. There was a shout of laughter from outside, then he heard cries of "*Bon soir,* Monsieur Peugeot," in the accents of Germans speaking French.

Robert Peugeot came in and smiled. "Were you about to make your escape?" he asked.

"What were the Boches doing here?"

"They were members of some trade commission. Now, come into the sitting-room and we can talk."

"Did you hear the message?" Harry asked anxiously.

"We all heard it," Peugeot laughed. "I insisted that we all listened to the ridiculous things that the B.B.C. broadcast. They laughed like pigs at the silly messages."

Harry smiled. "I'm glad you're convinced."

"I am. But what is your plan?"

"I will tell you quite frankly what the position is. The people in London want the Peugeot factory put out of action. They will bomb you, they say, unless production can be stopped within a short time. But if they bomb you there will be much loss of life among your workers. Now if you were to let a few of my men get into the factory one dark night. . . ."

"I am to destroy my own factory? My dear man!"

"One way or another it will be destroyed. If we do it there will be few casualties and, furthermore, we can put the dynamite where it will do the greatest harm to production and the least to the fabric of the factory. If the R.A.F. bomb you, the whole place will be smashed to smithereens. The cause of the Allies will be better served if you let us do it, and in the long run you will suffer less."

"You are very persuasive," Peugeot said. "Very persuasive. . . ."

HARRY RÉE was put in touch with two foremen in charge of the production line. Both were eager resisters and their job was to point out to Harry the most important machines.

Harry and two of his gang were signed on as hands and really got to know the machinery they were to sabotage.

The foremen were able to learn from Harry the vulnerable spots, where explosive would do the most damage. Harry remembered with the utmost clarity the many hours he had spent in a Hertfordshire sabotage school studying the weak spots of presses and lathes.

On the night of May 14, 1943, three operatives remained in the factory after hours. Two foremen let themselves in with their pass-keys and freed the three men, who were shut in a cleaner's cupboard together with several large boxes labelled "cleaning materials." These contained long sticks of explosive and plastic explosive to be fastened to the machinery like sticking plaster.

The five men heard the German guard form up outside. They ate their sandwiches and waited for darkness.

At 11 p.m. they moved to their pre-arranged stations. By midnight all the explosive was in place. Ten-minute fuses were set and the men hurried down to a disused side door. Soon they were in a side alley. There they shook hands and hurried away.

Promptly at ten past midnight the shop floor of the Peugeot factory was rent by violent explosions. Fires were started and equipment so ruined that production was suspended indefinitely. There was nothing the Germans could do to incriminate Robert Peugeot or any of the staff.

They were determined, however, to get the factory producing again. So they arranged to get a fresh tank-body press sent in from Fallersleben; and for transport they proposed to use a barge.

Harry and his men, forewarned, hid in a large gardening shed beside the river and when the barge arrived, manned by a French crew and with a guard of Germans, they opened up a murderous fire with automatic weapons.

The Germans fired back but were soon overpowered. Harry's men boarded the barge, taped explosive below the waterline, on the new press and in the engine-room, and left quickly.

Within a few minutes the barge exploded. The new press and the barge were useless. So was the river—one of the Boches' favourite ways of passing midget submarines down from the Loire to the Mediterranean.

Weeks passed, in which the Gestapo worked feverishly, but to no effect. Then the Resistance farther up the line warned Harry that the Germans had found another press, which they were sending under heavy guard to the factory.

On the day when the press was due, Harry and his men were in position in a small *tabac* opposite the factory entrance. Three more men with sub-machine guns were hidden in a yard near the gate.

At midday police and military motor-cyclists cordoned off adjacent streets. Ten minutes later the tank-body press arrived on a huge truck. The whole area in front of the gate was filled with Germans, police and transport.

Harry gave the signal, a grenade was lobbed on to the carrier truck, and from two sides a savage fire was unleashed on the Germans.

Harry gave the order to pull out, and he and his men made their getaway. But the Germans sent in hundreds of police and Gestapo agents from Besançon. They arrested many workers and forced from them descriptions of the men who had absconded.

Pictures of the foremen were posted in the streets. Drawings of the other three were alongside. The time had come to move off.

Harry delegated control of the *réseau*—and with his four companions headed for Switzerland.

There he suffered an internment indulgent

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ILLUSTRATION BY HELINSKI

Roger dragged out the wireless set case from under the bed. "I'll take it with me," he said

I shall remember

by NORAH BURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY HANTS

Paul had great plans for his lovely daughter. And now she was going to risk everything—just for a useless animal

PAUL COBB was a big, ugly man—but he had an exquisitely beautiful daughter. She was twelve years old and, since her mother died, these two had lived alone together. Now tomorrow she was going away to school; farther from home, too, than most children have to go, for Paul farmed on an island of the Outer Hebrides, and Elizabeth was going to boarding school on the mainland.

This was their last day. Paul knew he would always remember it, though he did not then know why.

He looked at her. She was *going*. This child of the straight fair hair and clear eyes was leaving him.

"What would you like to do on your last day?" he offered, having no idea where these simple words would lead.

"Could we go to the seals?"

The north-west corner of their island was perpendicular cliff. Swell that had travelled uninterrupted from Nova Scotia and Greenland burst on those rocks where man almost never set foot.

This was September when the grey seals came to inaccessible shores to calve, when Treshnish, Haskeir and North Rona received the newborn white silk babies. Some also were born on this island here.

The inhabitants did not go up to the north coast often—it was barren and remote—and, when they did, they seldom descended to the caves and wild beaches where the seals were born. Vertical rock protected the animals on the land side, and no boat could approach that well-armed shore. Of course, boys sometimes rattled down dangerous slides of loose shale to the pebble beaches below, and had a job to get back again, but mostly the seals were undisturbed.

"All right," said Paul.

He would have given her whatever she asked. There she sat, barefoot in jeans, biting a yellow-pink apple. She was just right for twelve, her hair not quite gold, but fair; the child-hands boned with greenstick bones, and often dirty; her feet cut by limpet shells glued to the rocks over which she ran like foam before the tide.

Beside her, the window pane mixed her reflection with the view as if she and the island were one. But after today, bit by bit, the world would take her. Presently, instead of mussels underfoot, there would be gold slippers on french-chalked ballroom floors; instead of jeans, sequins.

But go she must. Here, in this dying community of crofters, where the population of sixty or seventy grew older and fewer each year as the young ones left to earn their livings in the world instead of on this rock in the Atlantic, there was still schooling of a sort for the bairns. But Paul wanted the best for his daughter.

At her feet he would spread Edinburgh, London, Paris—a sparkling Raleigh cloak. She who had lived among gannets, cormorants and kittiwakes, who had washed Atlantic salt out of her hair and white shell sand from between her toes, was now to be introduced to other things besides sheep and guillemots.

Now he and she together packed scones and hard-boiled eggs, a flask of strong sweet tea, and got out the jeep. This took them halfway, but, when the track became altogether too bumpy, they left it and walked, leaning on the wind and the blue-grey rain-mist. It was only another four miles to the seals.

Paul had his pipe upside-down in his mouth to stop the wet getting in. Wind was filling his big, loose old clothes and making him look bigger than ever. It threw his hair about. He had plenty of untidy hair with one or two grey hairs in it.

Man's work comes to men like this. They can accomplish great tasks and explorations. But you do not know what they are thinking. They are silent. Sometimes they are anti-woman; unless, perhaps, there is a single perfect daughter in their lives.

Beside him, Beth, in her coat, was hatless, too. Neither minded wet heads, and Beth even loved rain. Not so Paul, who chided her for coming in gym shoes, already soaked, instead of in gum boots, as he had.

"But I don't mind being wet," she argued. "I like it. *Oh, I am a man upon the land,*" she sang, "*and a silkie in the sea!* Why are seals called silkies?"

She didn't wait for his answer, though. She ran and shouted, and opened her arms to the wind until it seemed as if it blew right through her as through an aeolian harp. Drenched heather scratched her ankles, but she didn't notice, for the water that soaked her was warm with Gulf Stream warmth, and she was used to it.

All the blurred blues and greys of the Hebrides, the cyclamen and purple of the heather, blew with the wind through this laughing, happy child who had never left the island, and who was consequently in some way tuned to natural things.

She was learning the names of wild flowers, and the different voices of birds. She had eaten violets to discover the taste. But Paul grew vegetables, not flowers. He consumed meat, carrots, cheese, mustard, beer. Though he

Horrified, Paul shouted after her: "Beth! No!" But the crashing breakers obliterated the words

was as used to wind as she was, he never liked it, for he saw only the damage it did. The flashing brown water that came pouring everlastingly out of the peat was not poetry to him, or music, but plentiful, cheap electricity.

Soon they left behind the good grazing of the southern half of the island and were walking among rock and peat bog instead. Here and there an acre of sunlight raced across the hills.

Already they were in a different world. Buzzards worked these purple and silver-green slopes, sometimes a peregrine falcon. Once they had watched a pair of ivory gulls dancing in sunlit storm.

Presently they could smell the sea, and then they could hear it; the Atlantic on rock. When it came into sight above the cliff-edge ahead of them, it looked flat. It was a light, pretty green, freckled with living sunlight.

But it was deep. It moved like a giant held down. From here he and Beth had seen basking sharks and rorqual whales in the clear, bottomless ocean.

This was the edge of the land, and it was also the edge of the waters that once covered the world. Sea-going birds, who spent almost their whole lives out of sight of land, came here in the spring to raise their young. Now it was seals. Already Paul and Beth could see one or two of them lying out on far skerries in a splendour of gold water.

"Better not let them catch sight of us," Paul warned.

"Will they mind, so far away?"

"They've been shot at, lately."

"But it's the close season," she cried.

"Oh, I know."

They approached the cliff edge on hands and knees, and then tummies, till they could look down on to the beach.

Many of the seal babies were of course out of sight in sea-caves quite inaccessible to men. There, on pebbles and ledges, they would be safe until they could swim. Others lay in the open, below.

"Very high tide," whispered Paul. "Look at that mother, holding the waves off her calf."

The swell was coming in, smooth, deep. It fell with power on the rocks, higher than usual, and one seal cow had arranged herself between her calf and the breakers. He was still in his baby coat that could get waterlogged. If he should be dragged down into the ocean now, he would drown. He was still new-born, but his mother's milk, ten times richer than cow's milk, was growing him fast. Within four weeks he would have his water fur and be able to swim.

Beth gripped grass in both hands, and dragged herself forward to get a better look. As she did so, a crow, who had been picking a fish bone on a ledge just below, caught sudden sight of her and tumbled off in alarm with loud cawing.

The seal mother looked up, saw everything and, expecting to be shot, threw herself into the water. It was a reflex action—the bird startled from the nest—and she would have returned at once but that Beth then stood up.

"Keep down," ordered Paul.

"But she's spotted us."

"Never mind."

"I can see better standing up," argued Beth, who was often disobedient.

The seventh wave is said to be the largest, and a seventh wave raced in now, up to the beach, all over the baby seal, and sucked him back down into the sea. Beth drew a gasp. She looked round, and next moment, to Paul's horror, she was at the top of a long shoot of stones and debris that cascaded almost vertically from cliff to beach.

"Beth! No!"

But she was already going down, and the rattle of stone and crash of breakers obliterated his shout.

She had heard him all the same, and there was a moment when she could have stopped but didn't. Now it was too late.

In a roar of shale she slid full speed to the bottom. Already she had torn off her coat and dropped it. Paul was after her immediately, but had to wait till she was clear of the scree before he could follow, because he might have set dangerous stones rolling on to her. Next minute, though, he too was down.

The seal calf was struggling in the water, and Beth threw herself straight in after him. She was a strong swimmer, and she dived unhesitatingly into unknown water which, in Paul's mind, was bristling with rock to cut her skull open. But she came up uninjured. He saw her head in the waves like the head of a seal, sleek with water. She could have been one of them. He was madly tearing his gum boots off, for they would drown him. He saw Beth reach for the baby seal.

"Look out!" he shouted. "Don't! It'll bite you."

But she grabbed the calf with one hand round the muzzle so that it could not bite, and her other arm round the body. She had only her feet left for swimming.

Under the green froth that marbled the waves there was black undertow. The long suck and huge swing of the water began to take her out to sea. Free of his boots, Paul leaped across the rocks to get seaward of her, and then he was in the water, too. He felt its strength.

He also was a powerful swimmer. He lunged towards her but she was pulled away.

Great God, it was actually going to happen. Death. . . .

He put forth all his strength, more than he knew he had. He reached for her, and grabbed her clothing. He got her. The ocean boiled about them; wetness, shine and salt; it slushed in their eyes and noses. Her hair was washed over her face as if she were already dead.

The seal was struggling in dementia. He would drown them both. "Let go of it," Paul shouted through mouthfuls of foam. But she would not.

Among the roar and tumult, suddenly he saw, in a water-torn vision that lasted half a second, a reef of ferocious rock that rose and fell beside them. Then water thundered again over their heads.

He lashed towards the rock. Weed was washing round them like cloth. He seized it and pulled. They were all lifted by a wave and smashed down on to the rock.

Paul found his feet. He snatched up his child and the seal she was still hugging, and got them back across sizzling reefs to the shore, before the next wave could attack.

WHEN they were on land, Beth threw down the seal calf and jumped back, all in one movement. It screamed like a human baby, threatening them with open mouth. They could see the mother in the water, hanging about, but too frightened to come in. Later, when the human beings were gone, she would return.

Paul dragged Beth round to face him. He was so angry that he shook her till her teeth chattered.

"How dare you—didn't you hear me say——"

"D-daddy——"

He let her go, and she stood staring at him, while two tears grew and shone. How small she was! How easily killed! Her clothes were clinging to her with wet.

Oh, I am a man upon the land, and a silkie in the sea!

He was perfectly white. He bent to her gently. He could scarcely touch her.

"Are you all right, Beth?"

"Yes, thank you."

But he could see blood. "Look."

"I got a bit bashed," she agreed.

He made sure she was all right. His big hands shaped her lovely head.

"You're shivering, Daddy. It's not as cold as all that."

"We'll make a fire," he said, "if my lighter still works."

It didn't, but there were some matches in her coat lying dry on the scree, and plenty of driftwood thrown high in sheltered corners. They collected enough. He made her sit close to the blaze and take her things off. His own would dry on him, as they often had before.

There she sat in the red light, with her coat curved round her to secure the warmth. Perhaps this was the last time she would still be a child.

"Look at this lovely stone, Daddy."

It was transparent green with an emerald clot. She rolled it in her wet hand, then tossed it off among the pebbles

"Don't you want to take it home?" he said.

"They're no use when they get dry. Besides, I shall remember it." She touched her wet forehead with her wet hand. "I can always see it if I want. I've got it in here somewhere for ever. Haven't you?"

"Yes," said Paul.

THE END

THREE SUPERB SHORT STORIES

Treasure on Earth by MARGUERITE MURRAY

Stolen City by MAX GUNTHER

Woman in the Camp by EDWARD LINDALL

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Basil Spence shapes things to come

He's giving us new horizons—with concrete clock-towers, topsy-turvy pillars, and walls that go zigzag

by **HARRY HOPKINS**

Basil Spence showing the Queen a model of Coventry Cathedral, his most controversial work, shortly before she laid the foundation stone

ONE afternoon in April, 1925, a first-year student architect at Edinburgh arrived in York on a sketching tour. Inside York Minster, the choir was preparing for Easter. The fluting voices filtered out of the dimness, rose into the soaring vault. The youth, with his sketching block, tiptoed into the south transept, and suddenly, two hundred feet away over the spacious crossing, caught sight of the shining lancets of the Five Sisters window. He stood, transfixed.

"I saw then," says Basil Spence, "that a cathedral was the highest expression of architecture; I resolved that one day, if I could, I must design a cathedral."

A few weeks ago, in Coventry, two men picked their way through rows of cut and numbered stones across a long, wide, concrete floor. On both sides of them, thick walls of pink-grey Hollington stone were rising under the mason's trowels, a saw-toothed pattern rising along the edges of the concrete.

In animated discussion, the two men walked over to the distant end wall, where the altar of Coventry's new cathedral would be placed "within the sight of all the people." One of them was the cathedral's architect, Basil Spence; the other, Graham Sutherland, designer of the great tapestry of Christ-in-Glory that will cover the end wall, above the altar. It will be the largest tapestry ever made, the focal point of the first "modern" cathedral to be built in Britain since St. Paul's.

Basil Spence is a visionary with a quite remarkable faculty for making his visions come true. Today one of the most prolific and successful architects in Britain, a man who is setting his mark upon our landscape, he is still as quietly enthusiastic, as totally unassuming as the youth who came to sketch in York Minster thirty years ago. Quite solidly built, he somehow conveys an impression of lightness, almost of evanescence. The voice is gentle, the words flow quickly, unemphatically, almost as if he were thinking aloud. As he talks on, the ideas take command, peopling the room.

From the beginning, some professional guiding star seems to have drawn Basil Spence to fields where his rich imagination could find nourishment. As the "most junior assistant" in Sir Edwin Lutyens's office when Lutyens was working on the Viceroy's house for New Delhi, he designed some of the Viceroy's garden, some of his furniture. His last job with Lutyens was to design the viceregal throne.

In practice on his own at twenty-four, he entered a limited competition for a great house in a vast, empty Scottish glen. "I decided not to have any scale," he recalls. "I just drew a little Scotsman in kilts walking from sheet to sheet. I put everything in—octagonal rooms, squints, great staircases you could swing a sword on." Spence's enthusiasm was contagious: his vision in due course materialized against that Scottish mountainside.

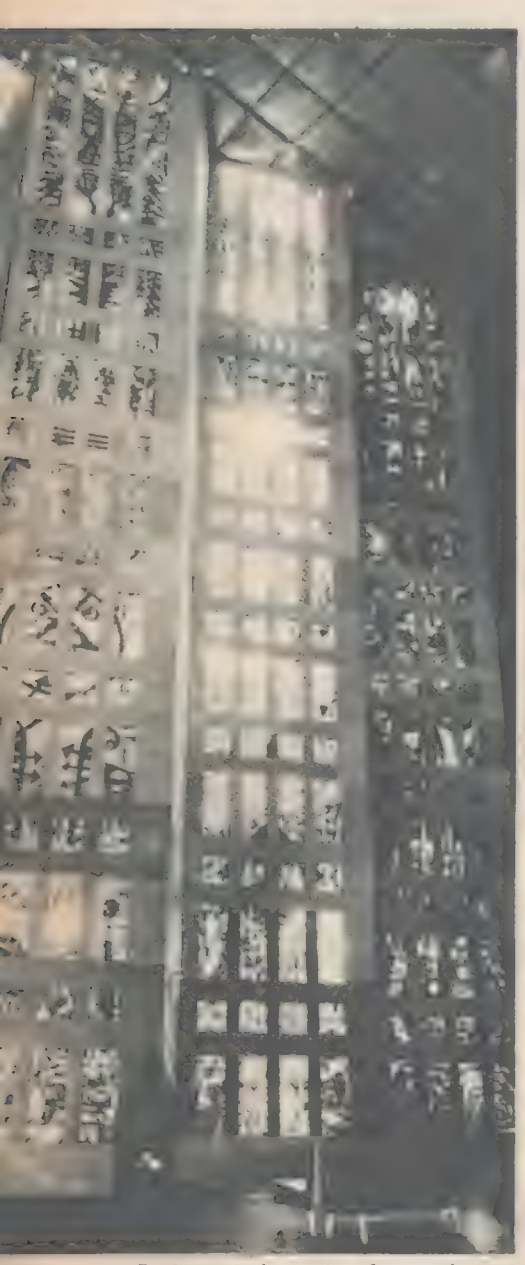
Collaborating with Thomas Tait, designer of the 1938 Glasgow Exhibition, he moved on to exhibition architecture, where proliferating new materials challenged an architect's creative ingenuity. From "Britain Can Make It" (1946) through three postwar British Industries Fairs at Olympia, and the Scottish Industries Exhibition (1949), Spence advanced through miles of glass, plasterboard, chromium and silk to the concrete ramps of his much admired "Sea and Ships" Pavilion in the Festival of Britain.

Looking back, Spence feels that he was helped "an awful lot" by this exhibition experience. "You're dealing with space, the enclosing of space. . . . Of course, you make mistakes, but then you can pull them down soon, and they're forgotten. You don't forget them, though. They stick in your mind like horrors.

"But then, of course, an architect is born to disappointment. One's ability seems always just one step behind one's conception. I think it must be—otherwise one would be satisfied and never develop." He smiled philosophically. "As it is, of course, one always says, 'Ah, well, now the *next* one. . . .'"

Though Basil Spence was by 1950 becoming known as one of Britain's most promising young architects in the new postwar idiom, he was in some danger of getting "type cast" as an exhibition designer. The Coventry Cathedral

Basil Spence with the Provost of Coventry Cathedral—and the plan that made many Midlanders angry



Lofty windows in the angles of the cathedral's zigzag walls throw colour towards the altar

competition offered the faint chance of discovering a way out—and at the same time fulfilling his long-cherished ambition.

Spence left the "Sea and Ships" Pavilion on the drawing-board for a day and went down to Coventry. It was his first visit to the town. But the dark red sandstone tower of the old cathedral—one of the tallest spires in Britain—soared above the rising new city centre; it wasn't hard to find the way. Spence walked up the gentle slope towards the old cathedral, the leaflets setting out the conditions of the competition in his pocket. He passed under the archway into the roofless, ruined nave.

The smoke-blackened tracery of the perpendicular windows was outlined against the sky. Deeply moved by the eloquence of the ruins, Spence walked over to the east end where an altar, built of rubble, was surmounted by a cross of charred timbers. He saw the legend, FATHER FORGIVE, carved over the altar, and stood, looking out over the wilderness of blitzed houses and scrub that fell away to the north. And as he looked, he saw a vision of a new cathedral, running off at right-angles to the ruins, growing out of them, linked with them, perhaps by a high porch. "It may sound high falutin," he says, "but I saw the ruins as the Old Testament and the new building as the New Testament."

On the blank back of the conditions leaflet he began then and there to sketch in quick pencil strokes the rough shape of the great west window, a wall of clear glass through which people would be able to look, from the porch or the street, clear down the whole nave to the altar and the great tapestry of Christ the Redeemer that would hang above it. (For tapestry, the Technologist Spence had quickly reminded the Artist Spence, is "the best known medium for reflected light without dazzle").

Basil Spence now had an "antidote"—as he put it—to the many headaches of the complex "Sea and Ships" Pavilion—a building designed not for a life of a few months, but for five hundred years—or eternity. Back in Edinburgh, he worked on his cathedral after his Festival worries had been put away, deep into the night, while his wife and two children slept. "Everybody," says Spence, "has his vintage hours. Mine are between ten p.m. and two a.m."

Over eight months the drawings grew on the drawing-board in his Edinburgh flat. The Chapel of Unity (interdenominational and peculiar to Coventry), shaped like a "crusaders' tent" because, explained Spence, "Christian unity is a crusade" . . . the five pairs of lofty windows, set in the angles of the zigzag walls, throwing their light towards the altar, changing colour as one progresses—as through life—down the nave, from the rose and pale blue of infancy to the deep blue and purple of the age of wisdom. . . .

"As in life," wrote Spence in the description to accompany his plans, "the colour of the windows is revealed only as you reach each stage—the past is known, the future is not. Only when the altar is reached is the whole range of colour seen for the first time."

WHEN the £2,000 award was announced, and Spence's first drawings appeared in the newspapers, his creative ecstasies were rudely shattered. His cathedral was variously denounced as a super-cinema, insurance office, factory, abattoir and railway station. Hundreds of angry letters poured in.

A sensitive man, Spence, says a friend, was hurt, but bore up patiently under the attacks. Almost unanimous in their admiration of his design, the cathedral authorities asked him to lecture, as often as possible, to local audiences. "Midlanders," Spence recalls, "are pretty down-to-earth people, not easy to convince." His already impressive command of language was further sharpened. Question time was apt to be lively. "One became quite expert at judging people's psychology and devising a sort of verbal ju-jitsu."

He explained—as he never tires of explaining—that it is really *he* who is the traditionalist because, like the builders of the great Gothic cathedrals, he employs the materials and techniques of the day to secure his ends. "It is the chaps who go harking back to past styles who are the revolutionaries."

Take, he will say, this matter of pillars. In the Norman cathedrals the pillars in the naves were immensely thick. As time went on, and knowledge increased, the cathedral builders were able to make them lighter and lighter, until, in, say, Winchester, where the nave was rebuilt in the 14th century, they are quite slender. "Now *my* pre-stressed concrete pillars," concludes Spence triumphantly, "will be only eighteen inches thick at the top tapering to twelve inches at the bottom. . . ."

Today, at fifty, having come through the years of difficulty which, ironically, his cathedral triumph brought on, Basil Spence is a man riding on the crest of the wave. With offices in London, Edinburgh and Southampton, his staff of eighty assistants cope with a vast range of projects scattered all over Britain — an L.C.C. comprehensive school at Sydenham, an office block two hundred feet high, in St. Martin's Lane, a building to house Glasgow University's 3,000 million volt synchrotron, a complex of new science and applied science laboratories for Nottingham University, an atomic energy school at Dounreay in the far north, a bright new world to rise out of the slums of the Gorbals.

Yet, says one of Spence's young men, despite the firm's expansion, it is still very much of a pyramid, with Basil Spence, the inspirer of his teams, the fount of ideas, at the top. Despite its volume all the firm's work carries his personal signature, and is "completely Spence."

A year or so ago, Spence detached himself from the firm's busy West End office and moved off to a quiet square in Islington. Here, in a former town house of the Marquess of Northampton, with a few of his picked men around him, he lives on the job. Here is the generating house, the nursery of ideas, that keeps the firm of Basil Spence and Partners moving forward.

Spence's quiet assurance, his utter lack of pretension, enable him, almost effortlessly, to draw all his collaborators completely into his plan and purpose. The spell is imperceptible, yet potent. Explains Tom Hocking, clerk of works at the cathedral site: "He knows what he wants, and somehow he can convey to you in about half a dozen words what would take some other people half an hour."

This is fortunate — for Spence's cathedral makes unusually wide demands on its architect's collaborative talents. To the lofty room in Islington, to look out over the quiet garden with its old mulberry tree and puff Spence's proffered cheroots (cigars would be too opulent for the man, cigarettes too pedestrian; cheroots seem just right) come a stream of artists and craftsmen upon whose work the effectiveness of his cathedral will largely depend.

Here comes the painter, Graham Sutherland, to mull over details of the weave and dyeing of his seventy-five feet high tapestry whose design must be visible a hundred yards away ("It will probably be his greatest work"); Sir Jacob Epstein to talk over the idea for his bronze of St. Michael astride the Devil, defeated and in chains ("He said he'd always wanted to tackle the theme"); John Piper, who is designing the Baptistry window, with its 195 lights and its theme, "The Mystery of Life" ("He was enthralled"); John Hutton, to report on techniques of incising on plate glass the thirty-five angels and thirty-one saints he has designed to be engraved, in alternate rows, on the vast glass entrance wall. . . .

They are all *modern* artists—for to Basil Spence to work in the modern idiom seems as natural, as much to be taken for granted as the wearing of trousers rather than Elizabethan hose. It is an attitude which—rather, one imagines, to his astonishment—is involving him in some strenuous battles —and not only at Coventry. Thus, almost by accident, he becomes one of the most determined and persuasive champions of the modern movement in architecture.

As planning consultant to Edinburgh University, he is charged with the design of its new buildings. "Wonderful!" he enthuses, surveying a photograph of the university skyline as seen across the Meadow. "It could be the most wonderful university in the world." But Spence sees the new buildings in the modern idiom which he believes would blend with the old. The authorities, or some of them, cleave to the traditional style.

"Gables." Spence's brow furrows. "Oh, there's a great row going on," he says, not wholly without relish.

AT Slough, Buckinghamshire, commissioned to design an extension to the neo-Georgian Town Hall, Spence came up with a light frame structure of glass panels, set alongside one of his openwork concrete clock-towers. The citizens, on their way to pay their rates, would advance across a flagged courtyard, bordered along one side by a lily pond.

Once again, squeals of protest rose from outraged traditionalists: this £300,000 "Crystal Palace" would be the town's ruination. Hardly, demurred Spence in his mild way—it was merely the natural and least expensive way to fulfil the necessary function. He arranged to take council members on a trip to Denmark—he is a great admirer of Scandinavian architecture—to show them what modern civic architecture could mean. When they cried off, undaunted he made the trip himself, returned with loads of colour pictures, and gave a lantern lecture to the councillors and their wives. When he had finished, he says, they were all "very keen."

Yet Basil Spence is no fanatical modernist. As a student he won a prize for Gothic, and even now he is not afraid to go on record in praise of "the superb craftsmanship" of the Albert Memorial, "a beautiful example of Victorian architecture." His own drawing-room at Islington, far from being austerely "contemporary," is covered in a rich plum-on-crimson striped wallpaper, furnished with gilt mirrors on either side of an Adam fireplace (above which hangs a modern "abstract" picture), long sofas in green plush, and standard lamps whose columns are composed of multi-coloured Venetian glass.

Far from being a narrow doctrinaire, Basil Spence is indeed an architectural virtuoso of almost bewilderingly wide sympathies. Says James Gardner, the designer, and Spence's collaborator in the "Britain Can Make It" exhibition: "I have seen Basil Spence at one moment discussing the reconstruction of historic stone cottages in Edinburgh, taking the greatest care to use the correct stones and detailing, and on another occasion designing the most abstract three-dimensional mobiles suspended in space on, apparently, nothing. He tackled both with the same ease."

Ask Spence himself to define the essential quality that above all a good architect must possess today, and he replies: "An insatiable thirst for knowledge in all building techniques—and an absolutely bottomless enthusiasm." And it is indeed probably from his own absorption in modern techniques and materials that his essential modernism springs.

It is not easy to visualize Spence poring over mathematical tables or trudging around a muddy site in gumboots; yet, say the engineers who work with him, he makes a point of bringing in the engineers and other specialists at a very early stage in his plans.

"Architecture is so much more than knowing brickwork and stonework today," he says. "Of course, an architect cannot be expected to *be* an engineer—but he should *respect* the engineering qualities."

"I hate to see a man breaking into a wall," Spence tells Tom Hocking, clerk of the works at Coventry Cathedral. And at Coventry there is no need to—for everything is pre-planned down to the smallest detail, down to the television ducts which will enable television cameras to be plugged in every few yards, or the method of

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cleaning that vast seventy feet high glass entrance wall, or suspending it—in order to distribute the wind pressure—from its middle by two manganese bronze wires, to be anchored in the roof.

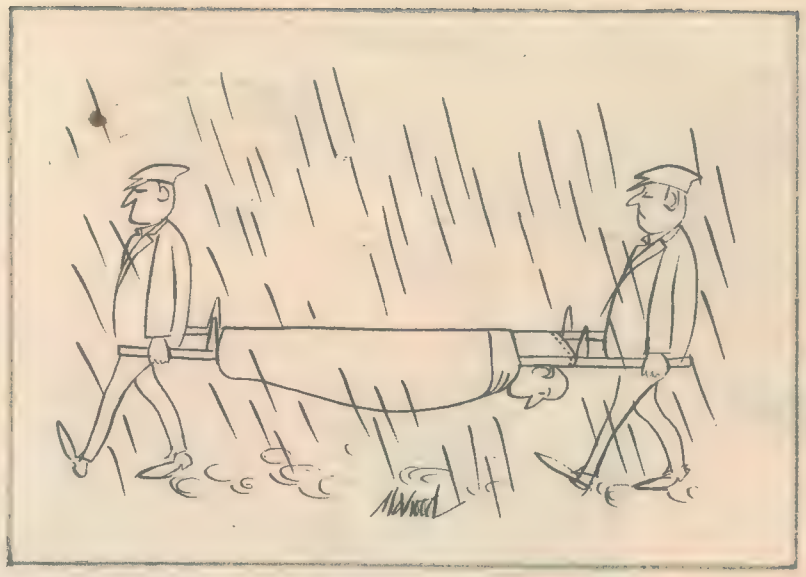
Yet, for all his stress on technology, it is the artist's integrating eye that both brought Basil Spence into architecture and to his present distinction.

"He is different from most contemporary architects," says his colleague James Gardner, "in his visual imagination and his ability to sketch his ideas on paper immediately. Such sketches are amazingly complete. . . ."

Once, sketching a design for a house in Scotland, Spence drew a deep shadow across the door. To get this shadow in fact, he found he would have to recess the door five or six feet from the wall. He incorporated this in the plans.

Born in India, where his father was in the Indian Civil Service, Spence was already winning prizes—in young painters' exhibitions in Bombay—at the age of eleven. His father, an Orkney-man, was taken ill and returned to Edinburgh, taking his family with him. But, in that grey city, the brightly coloured landscape of India, the strange and gigantic sculptures of the Ajanta Caves on the island in Bombay harbour remained impressed upon the boy's memory. They were, he thinks now, "probably a very potent" influence. At any rate, attending George Watson's College by day, he went to evening classes to study, first painting, then sculpture—and thus arrived at architecture.

An impecunious architectural student paying his way by teaching and scholarships, Spence earned the extra money to travel by doing perspective drawings for other architects for exhibitions. And, unlike many other architects, he still does his own perspective drawings. As he sits in his lofty Islington study today, turning with equal



zest from office skyscrapers to schools, from laboratory buildings to new churches, he is surrounded by his own drawings of Coventry Cathedral.

The cathedral is never far from his thoughts. Since the publication of his plans in 1951, he has made innumerable modifications to them. The flow of ideas, exciting ideas, is ceaseless. As fast as some are discarded, others—still more exciting—take their place.

His original notion of lowering the whole glass entrance wall into the floor by electric motors, as at the Stockholm Crematorium, was soon abandoned as too costly. Now, instead of thus opening up the whole cathedral on great occasions or warm summer days to the street, Spence has announced that, by admitting no fresh air, and recirculating the air inside, he hopes to capture the authentic "cathedral smell."

He goes on a visit to Spain, sees the wonderful sweep of steps leading up to the Gothic cathedral at Gerona, and returns home eager to incorporate them in his plan.

He tours Italy, is deeply impressed by the serenity of the small Italian churches, and returns to lighten his design for the Chapel of Unity.

He sees a photomicrograph of the eye of a fly—and, examining that ingenious arrangement of facets, sees his way to an exciting new form for the thin shell concrete canopy which, supported on fourteen slender tapering columns will cover Coventry Cathedral's nave.

Spence's world is kaleidoscopic, never still. Even his moustache is ever changing in shape and form, and, after many permutations has now turned into a modest beard, because, explains Spence, on his fiftieth birthday a man should "plant something." The ideas come tumbling over each other; the words, too, are as rapid, as completely formed and fluent, as the sketches. It is all a little intoxicating. Perhaps, some might feel, a little glib; for the words conceal the man.

Yet this is no mere "verbal ju-jitsu." "Yes," Spence says casually, when one remarks on his powers of persuasion, "but you have to *believe* it yourself, you know." Behind the tumbling phrases, the large brown eyes are cool and clear. "Basil Spence," says the Provost of Coventry, who went with him on a coast-to-coast lecture tour across Canada, "is one of the most religious men I've ever met—a profound believer in God."

Can we hope to build true cathedrals in this "materialistic age"? Many have doubted it. Spence's reply is immediate and characteristic. "That's absolute nonsense. I saw too much in the war ever to believe that." He was in the thick of things from the Normandy landings to the Rhine crossing. "When things were going badly, you didn't have to scratch hard to find religious feeling. Men were near their Creator then in more senses than one."

It is Basil Spence's hope that, using the materials and techniques of this day and age, the new cathedral rising in Coventry will demonstrate that, in peace as in war, religion has its relevance to contemporary life. He likes to tell how, when the first extensive fan-vaulting in the world was installed in the cloisters at Gloucester, crowds flocked from all over to wonder at this marvel of the time.

The thought is unspoken; but would it be altogether too much to hope that something of the sort may happen again—when, in 1961, Britain's first contemporary cathedral in modern times, built by a modern architect, adorned by the best of our modern artists, opens the glass doors in that great glass entrance wall for the first time?

THE END

Treason rock

Continued from page 17

it with her own smile. "You can manage most things, I imagine."

"Most. But not all. There are some things a woman can't be by herself. You know what I mean?"

He nodded. "Clearly."

"How clearly? I don't altogether trust you, Neil. I think you pretend to a wisdom you haven't got. Everybody says you understand women, but do you? Just smiling and keeping silent isn't understanding."

"You want words?"

"Yes."

"All right. But you should see that, because of some words I haven't given you, I understand. I haven't asked you the first question most people would have asked you. The first thing Sir George will ask you is why. Why are you going to break with Teddy?"

"But you know."

"I think so. You're like me. You laid down a plan for yourself. An ambitious plan. When you married Teddy, he seemed to fit into it, seemed to be the man who would make your plan possible. But when he stuck to the navy, the whole thing flopped. If he'd stuck to the navy because one day he might become an admiral, that would have been all right. But he'll never be more than a lieutenant-commander. Now you've decided to make a fresh start. Good for you."

Very quietly, she said: "It could be good for both of us. And it could be everything you want."

Neil laughed pleasantly. There was no surprise in him. "I've no doubt that some parts would be wonderful. But I, too, have a plan for myself. It includes a woman, a wife, but she must be much more than just that."

He pulled out his cigarette case and held it towards her. She'd been outspoken, dropped every inch of pride to speak so frankly, but he knew that, as far as he was concerned, he still walked a tight-rope. The wrong word or phrase could destroy everything.

As he lit her cigarette, his face was close to hers over the flame. "Tell me," he said, "what it is that you're offering which I can't find elsewhere?"

"Money. I have an income and father will . . . well, you know."

"Other women have the same."

"Family, the right connections, knowing the right people."

"That by itself isn't enough. It might not work for me. For a man like Major Richmond it would work automatically—but not for me."

"I shall make it work. I can get you a directorship in Talloid Chemicals." She smiled to herself as for the first time she saw his face grow serious. "The chairman isn't unknown at the Conservative Central Office. You could have a constituency, maybe a safe one right from the start. In ten years you could be in the Cabinet. . . ."

"No doubt. Still. . . ." He frowned suddenly. "Hell, there's nothing wrong in being ambitious."

"Nothing; nor in speaking frankly." She smiled. "Usually, in my set, parents more or less arrange a marriage. Is there anything wrong in rearranging one's own?"

"No." Neil stood up. Suddenly the seriousness went from his face and with an unexpected, boyish grimace he said: "Well, that seems to be settled. . . ."

BEYOND Mora town the road ran straight for a while across the level skirts of the valley. Half a mile inland the road split into a fork.

The driver brought the jeep to a halt. "Which way, sir?"

In the angle of the road was a rough finger-post. The left-hand sign read *Torba*, and the other *Ardito*. Richmond spread the map on his knees.

The driver—Corporal March—stared ahead at the rising cone of the volcano called La Caldera and hoped that Major Richmond would choose the Ardito road. If they went there, he might get a few words with Arianna.

Not once since H.M.S. Dunoon had brought her prisoners to Mora had he had a chance to see his girl. Arianna would be in a fine old state.

"Let's have a look at Ardito," Richmond said.

Corporal March put the jeep in gear and they began to climb steeply up the side of the valley towards the crest of the radial ridge that ran down from La Caldera.

For the first time since the Dunoon had left, Richmond had felt that things were sufficiently well organized at Fort Sebastian for him to take some time off and have a closer look at the island.

The road down to Ardito was steep and rutted and Corporal March took it in low gear. It ended about two hundred yards from the sea in a wide circle of bare, hard-packed earth. A few houses crouched squalidly round

HORSES—1

No sport that does not involve the companionship of a horse can be as good as one that does.

C. B. Fry

the circle and over one of them, in faded blue letters, ran the words *Bar Filis*.

The two men got out of the jeep and Corporal March, seeing Richmond look around, puzzled, said: "There won't be anybody much about, sir. They'll all be working—most of the men down on the beach and the women up there." He jerked his head towards the hillside.

Richmond looked at the shabby church and the single-storey houses, paint and plaster flaking from them. The whole place seemed sullen and unkempt. A dog came up and walked suspiciously around him.

"The wine's not too bad, sir." March jerked his head towards the bar. "I could get a bottle for our haversack rations."

"All right, Corporal, do that. I'll take a look at the beach."

March watched Richmond move away past the church and take the path to the beach. He turned and went over to the *Bar Filis*.

It was dark inside and his eyes took a little time to accustom themselves to the gloom after the hard light of the day. An unshaven man in shirt sleeves was leaning with his elbows on the bar, picking his teeth and reading an old magazine. Four young men, smoking long brown *cigarillos*, were playing cards at a table by the wall.

The card players looked up briefly and nodded to March. He was Arianna's soldier. They accepted him, but no more. He wasn't her first, and he wouldn't be her last and, anyway, this one brought corned beef, sugar and tea from the fort supplies.

The barman said: "Is that the new officer?"

March nodded.

"He is good to thee?"

Although he spoke a rough Spanish March said in English: "He's a blasted officer." His tone made the barman laugh.

"And the others? I hear there is a woman."

"Don't talk to me about them. A man could get out for a breath of fresh air before they came."

"Fresh air. Ah, yes." The barman scratched his stubble with dirt-rimmed nails.

"A bottle of white and a bottle of red," March said. "Not that turpentine either. The good stuff." The barman brought the bottles and March handed him some money. He said: "Where's Arianna?"

The barman shrugged. One of the card players said: "It is her day for the church. Maybe there."

March took his bottles and went back to the jeep. He put them in the locker under the back seat and then walked over to the church. He knew what Arianna would be doing there. For all their slovenliness, these people had a passion for flowers.

He went in by the side entrance, into the little room which the priest who came from Mora used once a week. Flower-stalk ends lay on the table where they had been cut. The floor was wet with slopped water and a couple of buckets held an assortment of blooms. He pushed open the inner door to the church and stood there, close to the altar.

Arianna was with another girl. She

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turned as the door creaked and saw him. Her arms were full of madonna lilies and, just looking at her, March felt his throat choke.

Arianna was a little over twenty. A rough apron covered her faded cotton frock and a handkerchief was tied across her dark hair. She was well-built but slender at the waist, and her skin was an even, warm brown. Seeing him, she put the flowers down, said something softly to the other girl and came across to him quickly. He took her arm, pulling her into the little room and closed the door.

She came into his arms and they kissed. It was a long kiss and left them both shaking when she pulled away from him. She held his hand still and said: "Why hast thou been so long?"

"We have a new officer. He keeps us working hard. It is very difficult."

"Even at night?"

"We must keep guard on these prisoners in the fort—even at night." He paused, watching her face change, the disappointment hardening the passion in it.

"Ask this officer to let thee come back. Tonight."

"Arianna, things aren't like that in the army."

"But thou wilt come?"

"Yes."

"Tonight?"

"Not tonight. Maybe tomorrow."

"My brother asks why we don't see thee. He says the British soldiers take what they want from a woman and then look for another. It is a matter of his pride."

Privately March knew what her brother, Torlo, could do with his pride, but he said gently: "Tomorrow or the next day, I will come. Now I must go to my officer."

He kissed her again. When he got outside, it was to see Major Richmond standing by the jeep.

THEY drove back to the fork road and then out to Torba. The country was much the same, and Torba almost as slatternly and dead as Ardito. They ate their haversack rations on a ridge-top a mile north of Torba and drank half a bottle of wine each. Afterwards Richmond told March to park the jeep in the shade somewhere and have a sleep. Himself, he set off along the ridge towards La Caldera.

It was hot and he was soon sweating. He saw nobody except a couple of women, knitting and watching a herd of goats on a stretch of pasture below the first of the pines. He went through the pines and found himself, half an hour later, on a wide moraine of old lava. It ran upwards from him in a dark, broken fan to the black face of the cliffs that crowded around the crater.

He hesitated at the foot of the lava and then decided to return to the jeep.

Although he didn't know it, his hesitation at the foot of the lava stream had been marked by Walter Mietus and Roper. High up on the lip of the cliffs, Mietus focused his glasses on Richmond as he moved along the edge of the pine forest.

"He wears a major's crown," he said.

"Does he walk with an object, you think?"

"Why should he? He is English. They are dedicated to exercise."

Roper took the glasses. "He goes well. They haven't sent an armchair officer. What would he say, do you think, if he knew he was probably due to have his throat cut some day in Fort Sebastian?"

Mietus laughed. . . .

Two hours later Richmond was back at Fort Sebastian. He took a shower and changed his clothes. Sergeant Benson came in to him before dinner, saluted and then said: "While you were away today, sir, I had a request from two of the prisoners—Colonel Mawzi and Madame Chebir. They want to know whether they can be allowed to bathe from the beach below the fort."

Richmond was silent for a moment. Then he said: "All right, Sergeant. One guard on the beach and a man standing off in a boat. But if one goes down, they all go down, the servant Abou as well, even if they don't swim. I don't want the party broken up. Haven't got enough guards."

"I can stand off in the boat myself, sir. That'll ease things a bit."

"Good. Has Corporal March got a girl at Ardito?"

Sergeant Benson's bluff face showed his surprise. Richmond smiled. "It's all right, I'm not a thought-reader. He came out of the church over there and I saw a girl standing in the doorway behind him."

"I believe there is a girl, sir."

"All right, Sergeant. That's all. I'll see Colonel Mawzi myself later and tell him about the bathing party."

Ten minutes later he was called to the telephone in the garrison office, which was a small room to the right of the main gateway. For once the line from Port Carlos was as clear as a bell.

Grayson was speaking. A signal had been received from the War Office that within the next eight or ten days a detachment of six men was being flown out to supplement the garrison at Fort Sebastian.

"Six isn't enough."

"It's all you're getting. How are things?" Grayson sounded cheerful.

"Running smoothly so far. When's Sir George coming over here?"

"Not yet awhile. He's up to my eyes on his annual report. Unless you want him, of course."

"No. What's the news from home?"

Grayson knew what he meant. "The Opposition are going to force a vote of no confidence over Chebir. It's the usual line. Exile is no way to solve any problem in Cyrenia. Some pressmen have arrived here, but H.E. won't give them a clearance to go to Mora yet."

"I don't want 'em, either."

"You'll have to put up with them when Sir George comes over to you. He'll probably bring a couple."

Richmond shied away from the thought of pressmen. But he was reminded of them again the next afternoon when he went down, a little after the bathing party left for the beach, to see how things were going. The scene would have made a press photographer happy.

The beach lay at the foot of the cliffs on the far side of Fort Sebastian. A rough track zig-zagged down to it, loose and slippery with stones. The patch of coarse grey sand was flanked by two horns of dark cliff.

Sergeant Benson, stripped to the waist and wearing one of the wide-brimmed hats the islanders made from palmetto, sat in a small rowing boat fifty yards off shore, dipping his oars now and again to keep station. A guard with a rifle, leaning back against a boulder, came to attention as Richmond jumped to the beach.

Colonel Mawzi was in the water, a few yards from the boat, lying on his back and kicking a little now and then with his feet. Hadid Chebir sat on the near side of the beach, cross-legged on a rug, a book balanced on his knees.

"You don't bathe?" asked Richmond.

"No, Major. But it is pleasant to sit down here and be cool. We are grateful to you." He turned the book over to keep the pages from flying in the breeze and reached for cigarette and matches from the rug at his side. "How long," he asked, "do you think they will keep us here?" He lit a cigarette.

"I do not know."

"Officially, of course not. But privately, what do you think?"

Richmond shrugged. "Unless we have a change of government, you may not see Cyrenia for many years."

"Perhaps never again?"

"Perhaps."

Hadid shrugged, and Richmond passed on.

A voice said: "You look very serious, Major."

He stopped walking. Marion Chebir lay stretched out on a large towel. She lay there in a white costume, one hand raised a little to shade her eyes as she looked up at him.

"Maybe I am."

He lowered himself on to the sand at her side. The salt water from her recent swim was wet on her legs. He saw that they were brown and long and polished, and quite suddenly it was as though somebody had warningly struck him gently across the throat with the edge of a hand, making him swallow quickly.

"I was thinking about Cyrenia," he said. But he wasn't interested in his own words.

"You are interested in politics?" she asked.

"Sometimes. But I don't think we could ever agree about Cyrenia. . . ." His eyes were on her.

"I know all the arguments," she said. "I've heard them all so often before, from Hadid. Hadid put all the words into the mouth of Cyrenia. . . . The large nations are doomed to withdraw before the small ones. France, Britain, the United States have bound themselves to Uno and tied their hands from all-out violence. But the little nations are free to yap and bark and bite and run wild, and little by little the big ones must give them what they want. That is the whole policy of every country that seeks self-determination. I've heard it so often. I believe it. Oh, I believe it. . . ."

SHE lay back and stretched her arms, and he guessed that she was only thinking of herself, of her own weariness, and that he scarcely existed. But she existed for him in the long length of her legs, in the smooth salt-damp coolness of her flat stomach, in her body that lay all brown and white and black smooth hair in the sun on the grey beach which had once been a molten, white-hot lava spew from far Caldera.

For God's sake, he told himself, *I must have heat-stroke.* He raised his hand and let the grey sand trickle through his fingers and a few grains drifted to the white stuff of her swimsuit. That contact from his hand to her body, though no real contact, seemed to close his throat and finally awakened real anger in him at his damn foolery.

Marion stared at the sun-glittered sea, narrowing her eyes against it. This man Richmond had a difficult job. Privately she was aware of sympathy for him. He must hate it. You could tell that. Whenever he came near them, he was correct and formal. It was hard to imagine what he was really like. What was he like, for instance, when he took too much drink in the mess? At a theatre with a woman. . . ? She shut her eyes and deliberately imagined herself on some Mediterranean beach with him. . . .

A shadow went across the sun and Colonel Mawzi was standing before them, bitten with the sun like a pearl diver, his waist thin and wiry above the red triangle of his briefs, and his face polished with wetness.

"You've come to join us, Major?"

Richmond shook his head and rose. The thing was broken in him.

Marion smiled up at him, her white teeth showing between her red lips. But the softness and wetness of her lips as her pink tongue flashed across them did nothing now for him. The thing had gone like the shadow of a quick passing cloud.

"The water was good," said the colonel. But the words meant little. His eyes were on Richmond, and he could sense the disturbance in the man. He saw the tiny, rapid flicker of a vein in the other's left temple. He looked back at Marion, wondering, but she had lowered her head and was running sand idly through her hands. He turned towards the cliffs and shouted sharply: "Abou!"

Abou came out of the far shadows, carrying a towel. . . .

The guard watched his major climb the steep cliff path. He was called Hardcastle, and he was a cricket enthusiast. But cricket was out of his mind just now. He was thinking of men and women, what women did to

HORSES—2

A generous creature a horse is, and made most handsome by that which deforms man most—pride.

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men and what men would do for women, and particularly of Corporal March.

As he smoked a cigarette with Corporal March in the courtyard before lunch, March had said: "You sleeping in the gate-room tonight, right?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you hear anybody slipping out about one and coming back about five, keep your eyes and big mouth shut."

Hardcastle didn't like it, but there was nothing he could do. He stared out at sea, where Sergeant Benson sat in the rowing boat.

Well, old March had better be back before the sergeant got stirring in the morning. He wasn't going to carry the can for him if he was late. . . .

IT was a quarter to one when Corporal March moved quietly into the dark shadows under the main gate arch. It was a warm, still night and he wore only a shirt with his two full corporal's stripes on the arm, a pair of drill trousers and plimsolls. Over one shoulder he carried a light haversack bulky with stolen stores.

The door of the gate-room was half open. He looked in and, by the light of a hurricane lamp turned down to a glim, saw Hardcastle's figure stretched out on a camp bed. Hardcastle was asleep and snoring gently.

At the main, double gate, now locked and cross-bolted, March took a key from his pocket and opened the small wicket gate cut in the large frame. Outside he locked the gate and then moved away to the right, giving the angled walls of the fort a wide berth and working his way up the slope to the foot of the long bridge that ran down from La Caldera.

It was handy, he was telling himself, to be able to make a key. The army was careless with its keys and, if you were a corporal in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, there was nothing easier than making one.

Half an hour's hard going along the track that followed the edge of the cliffs brought him to Ardito.

Arianna's father's house was just down the slope from the square. The only light was from the open door of the *Bar Filis*. March crossed the open space by the church and went into the bar.. There were two tables of card players. They looked up at him briefly. The air was thick with cigarette smoke.

At the bar counter he nodded to Ercolo, the proprietor, and said, "A bottle of *fundador*."

Ercolo handed him the brandy and winking said: "It is good afterwards to be under the pines and drink."

The card players, hearing him, laughed. March turned and went out. One of these days, he told himself, he'd push a few faces in.

He went back across the square and down the slope to Arianna's house. He moved round the side, cocked his leg over a crazy wattling of bamboo slats, and stepped knee high through a patch of melons.

The house was in darkness. He threw a handful of soft dirt against her window. The third time she heard him, and he saw her face, white against the grey gloom of the dirty glass. He raised a hand and then went round to the front door. It was unlocked and he pushed it open gently and stepped into the darkness. His nose wrinkled against the smell of sour wine, garlic, strong *cigarillo* smoke and the familiar herby, musty stuffiness of poverty.

He heard her cross the room but he couldn't see her. Then he felt her hands on his arms. He kissed her, both of them clumsy and awkward, easing the first shock of pleasure.

He unswung the haversack and dropped its contents gently to the floor. "For your old lady."

Holding her arm, he slid out of the door and she closed it gently. They went down the hill slope, towards the path which he had travelled. . . .

At half-past one that night, Colonel Mawzi was leaning with his elbows on the stone sill of his narrow window. He was a man who had gone past needing real sleep, gone past observing the customary distinctions between

night and day. He was fully dressed and, for each night he had been on Mora, the light had shone in his room.

He stood there, smoking, and thinking of Walter Mietus. Days before he had said to him: "Wherever they take us, you will come. Watch our place, and you will find my window always lighted. Watch for three nights. After that we will plan."

His eyes were on the darkness of the hillside. He watched until at last the light for which he had waited suddenly sparked faintly away on the hillside, far to his right, so that he had to slide to the left of the window embrasure to see it comfortably.

The light winked and winked and then went. Colonel Mawzi waited. The

HORSES—3

God first made Man. He thought better of it and made Woman. When He got time He made a Horse, which has the courage and spirit of Man and the beauty and grace of Woman.

Brazilian saying

light came again, winking faintly in the darkness for a while and then went again. He walked to the door and switched off the room light. He waited, and then switched it on, waited and then switched it off again and walked back to the window without hurry.

There was no surprise in him or elation, for this was how he had planned it. He pulled a small torch from his tunic pocket and began to signal. It was a small torch, as slim as a pencil and no longer, and from the hillside one would have needed binoculars to pick out its tiny glow. It had travelled to Mora in the back of his long-handled clothes brush.

Walter Mietus and Colonel Mawzi communicated for half an hour and, at the end of that time, Mietus knew essentially as much about Fort Sebastian as Colonel Mawzi did.

When Mawzi had finished signalling, he switched on his room light, waited a little while and then went down to Hadid Chebir's room.

The bed creaked as Hadid sat up. He breathed thickly through his nose and cleared his throat. "Mawzi?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"They have come."

"So," Hadid breathed. "What is arranged?"

"Nothing yet. How could it be? But tomorrow we talk again. And the next day. There are many things they must know now in detail."

"And when will it be?"

"This I have considered. More men for guards come to the island soon. It would be better that it should happen before then—but for success the governor must be here."

"You still think that is necessary?"

"Yes. It is not enough to escape. The thing must be an explosion. Its noise must carry round the world to put our names in every mouth and to rouse the madness in our people's blood. Just once we need this madness . . . just once and nothing can stop us. For this we need the governor."

"I agree. But when does he come?"

"Who can tell? But come he will. If it is not soon, we must find a way to bring him."

He went out, closing the door quietly. For a moment he stood on the stone-flagged landing. A few steps below him was the door to Marion's room. Did she lie sleeping or awake?

He stood in the darkness, knowing she was there, only a few yards from him, and his imagination was strong in him. Desire for her, running swiftly alongside his own elation, released now that Mietus had come, was like a thirst in his throat that cried for coolness.

He stood there for ten seconds, feeling the small kick of a throbbing vein on his temple. Then he turned and went back to his room; and he was thinking of Major Richmond, who that afternoon had risen from beside Marion on the beach and had stood in the sunlight with the blood high in his face and had raised a hand to touch that side of his temple where a small vein kicked. . . .

THE moon was up. In the pines above them the warm night breeze sighed occasionally. They lay across her old raincoat.

Arianna's head cushioned against March's outflung left arm. The bottle of brandy was untouched on the ground by his side. Usually they had a few drinks as they talked, but tonight there was no desire in them for drink.

Arianna said: "In thy country the women work as they do here? In the fields and with the goats?"

"They work. Mostly in factories and shops."

"Even when they are married?"

"Sometimes."

"To bring more money?"

"Yes." He was used to this kind of practical questioning. Arianna had a great appetite for facts.

"In thy country there is a girl who loves thee beneath the pines like this?"

He laughed, and she laughed with him and, rolling over a little, lay with her cheek on his arm and blew smoke at his face.

"I am not jealous. It is too far away. Here, I would be jealous."

"In my country," he said, "it is often cold and raining. And London is so big. It is not easy for lovers."

"I love thee," she said, "and, if thou should ask me, I would come back to thy country. But there I would be jealous. Ask me to come back."

He didn't say anything. His face close to hers, he looked into her eyes.

"There is thy family," he said, aware of the idea growing in him.

"That to my family." She made a vulgar gesture and he giggled.

"My country would be strange for thee."

"It would be strange. But there would be much that would not be strange. Our loving would not be strange, and children are born the same, be it London or Mora." She sat up, her face serious, and held out her hands towards him, palms up. "These know how to work. In a factory, if it should be that we need more money. And I would keep thy house and be thy woman through all."

He sat there listening to her, thinking that, when she talked, it was all God's honest truth. Not a twist or a wriggle in her. What was there came out straight.

HE touched the palm of her still open hand and could feel the smooth callouses that came from hoeing between the maize and vines; but the hand was small and a woman's hand, too, and without looking at it he was aware of the richness of her body and the straight, young simpleness of her.

And then, without any thought of ever regretting it, without a thought of the old Marchy-boy who should have known better, who had no flies on him, he knew what the score was.

"I love thee, too, Arianna. When I go back to my country, we will be married. It is with me now that I want no other woman."

She raised her palm and put it against his cheek. Then, leaning forward, she said: "It is a good moment, *amore*. Such a good moment."

He was happy when he left her. She wouldn't let him go back to the house with her. It was hot in the house and she preferred to sleep the rest of the night under the pines. He left her sitting on the old raincoat, turning again and again as he followed the path to see her sitting there, raising his hand silently and in salute, hers going to her mouth to send him kisses.

And then a turn of the cliff path took him out of her sight. The untouched bottle of brandy was in his haversack. He went noiselessly in his plimsolls, his thoughts full of her.

It was a good thing. He wondered he'd never thought of it before. She'd stick to him through thick and thin. They were like that. And he'd stick to her. That's what a chap had to have, really. And there'd be kids. . . . March and Son, newsagents, greengrocers, something like that.

Yes, that was it. Family man—and with a wife that would knock their eyes out. She'd pick up the lingo in no time.

He followed the path automatically. He could see them going into the boozer of a Saturday night, Arianna dolled up to the nines. . . . *Oh, you're lucky, Marchy-boy. You've got a winner on your hands.*

He smiled with the happiness in him and skirted a tall outcrop of rock that shouldered across the path. As he came round it he found himself facing three men who were coming along the track towards him.

He stopped dead, surprised at the meeting. and confused for a moment at the reaction of the three men. They had been in single file but, before he had seen them almost, the file was broken, swiftly and silently, and now there was a man facing him dead across the path and the two others were on his flanks, close to him, crowding him; and all of them were very still, watching him.

To be continued next week

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OUT FRIDAY, 20th DEC.—2/3d.

The office of secret war

Continued from page 23

enough to allow him to continue to direct the *réseau* at Besançon from Switzerland. His other men had crossed the border safely.

On D-Day plus one they crossed back into France and joined a Maquis group formed by Peter Churchill. . . .

Another agent who was dropped into France—to the Bordeaux circuit—in the summer of 1943 was Roger Landes, or Aristide, as we called him. Like so many agents he was a British subject of French origin—he had an English father but was born in France—and in fact his French was better than his English.

Claude de Baissac, who had been in training with him and was now in charge of our Bordeaux *réseau*, applied for his services. Roger, lean and of medium height, was the sort of person that anybody would want in his circuit. He radiated determination, coolness and courage.

He reached Bordeaux without too much trouble.

Claude, he thought, looked tired; he had been in the field for over a year now and the strain was telling, particularly as the Germans had questioned him recently. Though they had let him go he was conscious of still being under suspicion.

We knew of this suspicion in Baker Street and our instructions were for Claude to initiate Roger in the set-up of the *réseau* as quickly as he could. After that, we would move him to another circuit.

Roger Landes was found a room in the Quai des Chartrons, above a *tabac* where his comings and goings would pass unremarked. He set up his wireless in an empty house at Quatre Pavillons, close to the German headquarters. Claude and he believed that the Germans would not look for an operator on their own doorstep.

The Bordeaux *réseau* was a model, as Roger came to realize. There was a large number of separate little knots of resisters who knew of the existence of others but knew nothing either of names, identities or areas. Only Claude—and later Roger—had the full picture.

At his last meeting with Roger, Claude said: "Things are deceptively quiet, and frankly I imagine you may have a sudden flurry of arrests as soon as I have left. They'll notice I've gone and they may suspect that somebody else has taken over, in which case they may try and give you a hot time to start with. Now Le Chef—that's Fragonard I told you about—has done a lot of fine work and he'll probably have tabs on a lot of Boches. You can get one of his boys to let you know what he feels about things."

"He doesn't know who I am, of course?"

"Nobody does except Jean, who'll act as your courier."

Claude left and Roger Landes—alias Aristide—took over command. One of the first things he did was to ask for another wireless operator. We decided that the man should be Henry Peulevé. In the autumn of 1943 he again dropped into the Bordeaux area, and later he teamed up again with Raymond, a Spanish republican.

RAYMOND was, if anything, more reckless than ever. He had now established himself in a deserted château with a store of arms and explosives and three flagpoles on the keep, from which he flew the French, British and American flags. The château was sufficiently remote to attract little attention, but this show of bravado caused some alarm in parts of the Bordeaux Resistance.

There was no action which Raymond would not undertake, and he was used for a number of highly dangerous missions.

In January, 1944, he was asked to disrupt a jam factory near the small town of Belin.

He drove from the château in a "commandeered" lorry, though all French traffic was forbidden and a curfew was in force. Brazenness paid off. He reached the factory, laid his charges, then found a sugar store.

Early next morning the people in a Bordeaux suburb were on their way to work when a lorry honked into the market square. The driver attached a large notice to the tailboard: "Housewives! Free sugar today—by courtesy of the Maquis!"

By the time they looked round the driver had disappeared. Very shortly afterwards, so had the sugar. . . .

By the beginning of 1944 we were able to arm the Maquis on a larger scale. More and more young men, fleeing the clutches of the Todt labour organization, were taking to the hills and demanding arms. It was Peter Churchill, I think, who first saw that these young men could become an efficient fighting force.

Soon there were arms dumps waiting for D-Day in many of the *réseau* areas, and we dropped weapon training experts to instruct the French.

The numbers of the new recruits greatly added to our hazards, for the chance of double-agents was greater.

Meanwhile Aristide had not been idle. He had established what he believed to be a foolproof liaison through Jean and a courier called Rex with Henry's group, and thus with Raymond. He told Rex that Raymond could be used to do arms drill with a new batch of recruits. Rex went and told Raymond, who told him to notify the group to rendezvous in a farmhouse. The instruction group was a mixed one—some of the men had been recruited by Le Chef, others by Roger and others by Jean. They were all to form a separate group under Raymond when they were trained.

The men met at the farm on a fine Sunday morning in the winter. There were plenty of arms, though little ammunition, and the training lesson was completed according to plan. The group sauntered out of the farmyard.

A machine-gun opened up at point-blank range. "Put your hands up—you are surrounded!" A German officer was standing on the edge of the wood.

The men took what arms they could find and dashed to the back of the farm. No sooner had they opened the door than a murderous fire opened up.

"Right," Raymond said. "I want volunteers to come up on the roof and give covering fire. We'll have to have all the ammunition. The rest of you will have to run as fast as you can and get out of the wood."

He led the volunteers into the loft and on to the roof. Raymond worked his way to the back of the roof where it overlooked the Boches. Then he and his men opened a sporadic fire on the German machine-gun.

Raymond shot the German officer commanding the post at the back. The door of the farm burst open and the unarmed patriots ran through the yard towards the safety of the woods. The machine-gun swivelled. "Rapid fire!" Raymond said.

Another burst of firing from farther off suggested that the men who had escaped had met more trouble. Raymond and his six companions crawled to the front of the farm, then jumped down into the yard and ran. A burst of fire came from the right. Raymond grabbed the arm of the nearest man. "Stay with me," he said. "You others run for it. That is an order."

Raymond and his companion threw themselves down in the open and engaged the Germans. The others ran for it. Two dropped at once.

Now Raymond ran towards the Germans, shouting. His companion joined him. They ran, firing from the hip, straight at the Boches, and almost reached them before they were shot, still firing, on the edge of the wood.

The other three men escaped, but out of twenty men in the weapon training class only eight survived. None of them is ever likely to forget Raymond and his brave friends.

Henry and Roger were deeply disturbed, not only by the fact but also by the manner of Raymond's death. Roger sent both Rex and Jean to gather information about the affair, but those who had escaped could remember very little of significance. Though Roger was suspicious of treachery there was no definite clue.

Henry Peulevé was especially upset at the death of Raymond. He came to see Roger in a trusted friend's house, and told him of the serious gap which the loss had made in the *réseaux* up towards Périgueux. Some recruiting would have to be done.

"Le Chef says he's got a group which is ready to join us, under a colonel called Jouas," said Henry. "He says they're absolutely safe, but they haven't got arms or instructors."

"Le Chef told you about this man?"

"That's right. He hangs out in Bergerac."

"Could you contact him?" Roger asked. "It ought to be all right."

"If Le Chef says it's all right, it's all right."

"Now listen, if I have any news I shall send a message on the *messages personnels*. Can you listen every evening? If you hear the message, *'Jean est très malade,'* drop everything and clear out. O.K.?" The other nodded.

Henry left Roger and returned to his own group. Five men were to accompany him to Bergerac. It certainly seemed that there was nothing to worry about as they entered the small town: there were few Germans about.

Henry himself went to see Colonel Jouas. "I hear that you have recruited many men," he said to the white-moustached colonel.

"Well, I have a nucleus. I have my organization mapped out."

"What is its substance?"

But the colonel was vague. Henry demanded to meet the group's commanders the following night.

"Yes, that can be arranged. There's a farm called 'La Grise' on the Périgueux road. Be there tomorrow at eight o'clock and we'll arrange to have our chaps ready to meet you."

Henry went back and told his men what had been arranged. One of them, Poirier, said: "I don't believe the old boy's got any men under him at all."

"We shall see."

"What was he like?"

"The old school," Henry told them.

The next night a black Citroën drew up at Henry's digs. The other five were already in it.

Gustave Poirier was driving and they set off at a fair pace. Suddenly he stopped the car outside a café. "The B.B.C.," he said. "We ought to listen in case there's a message."

"He's right," Henry said. "Gustave, you go in and see if they will let you."

At length Poirier returned. "*Jean est très malade,*" he said.

Poirier started up the car and turned back towards Bergerac. "Turn off here," Henry ordered. "We're not going back into Bergerac. The trap may be set at that end. Cut across country to Sarlat. I've got a safe address there."

They found the house, which was

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by Lord Kinross

ABOUT six years ago I was in Amman, the capital of Jordan. With the Counsellor of the British Embassy, I was invited to dinner by King Abdulla, a few months before the King was assassinated. As it happened, the counsellor had arranged a dinner party in my honour for that evening, but we could not ignore the royal command. My friend had the delicate task of telling his wife that her party would have to proceed without either the host or the principal guest.

At the palace, I sat on the King's right. There were about twenty guests. Without any preamble the meal began. Everyone started eating, and nobody spoke unless the King asked him a question. Indeed, there was little time for talking, for the guests had to eat as speedily as the King, who didn't seem in the mood to dawdle.

We had hardly begun one course before our plates were whisked away and the next course put in front of us. I was half way through a delicious pilaff—rice with a savoury preparation of mutton, onions, raisins and pine-nuts—when I began to feel that I was already full. There were four more courses to follow.

Soon, however, the meal ended. Thirty-seven minutes after arriving we found ourselves outside again, having eaten eight rich courses of Arab food.

We reached the counsellor's home as his guests arrived, and watched them enjoying a leisurely dinner while, with empty plates before us, we tried to digest our extraordinary meal with King Abdulla.

How to make mutton pilaff

Ingredients (for four people): 1½ lb. mutton, three sliced onions, three cups hot water, one tablespoon butter, one teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup rice, two sliced tomatoes, a handful of currants and raisins, a few roast almonds, garlic.

Cut the meat in small pieces. Brown in the butter with two of the onions in a two-quart saucepan. Cook for fifteen minutes. Pour the fat off and save; add three cups of water and seasonings. Cook for one and a half hours. Remove the meat and save the liquid.

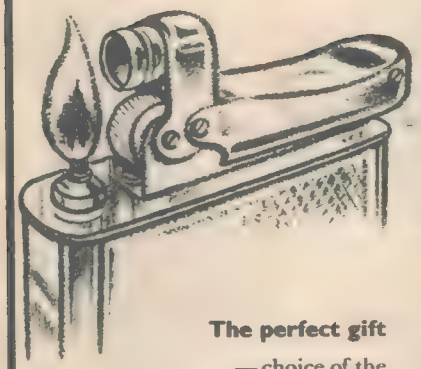
Put the cooked meat in a pan with the third onion, tomatoes, currants, raisins, garlic and nuts, and sauté in dripping with plenty of seasoning.

Put the fat poured from the the meat pan in a one-quart saucepan.

Add the rice and cook until the rice is browned. Add the water from the meat and boil slowly for twenty minutes.

When the rice is done and the liquid absorbed, place it in a warmed serving dish. Mix the meat and rice, and serve.

A bowl of sour cream or yoghourt may be handed with the pilaff.



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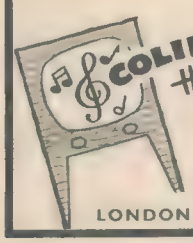

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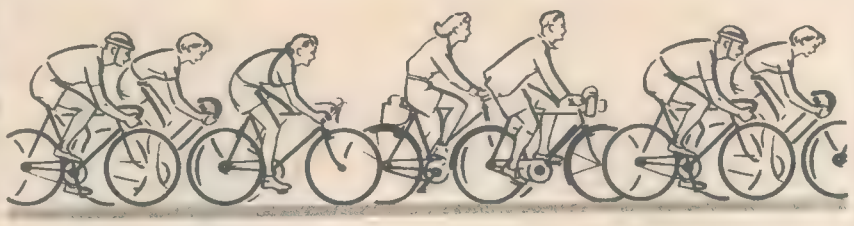

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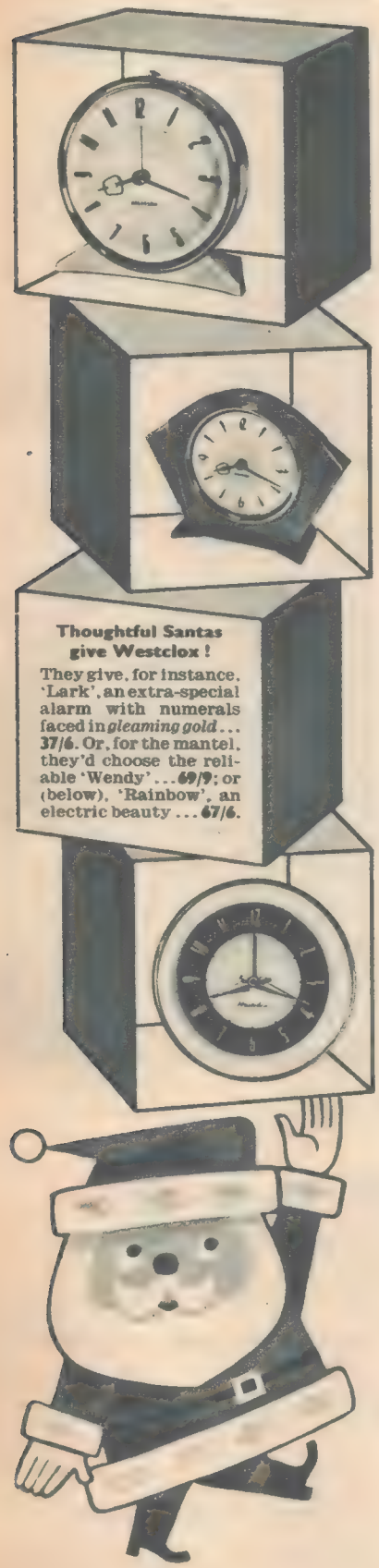

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WESTCLOX

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"No, no, he's not giving any trouble at all. We're playing cowboys and Indians"

empty, and Henry decided to radio London.

Henry told Gustave to take the wireless set upstairs and get it ready for transmission as he fortunately had a "sked"—a scheduled link with London—at 9.30 p.m. "We'll leave the arms here in the car," he said. "There's no sense in taking them in. Anyway, somebody's rather interested in our arrival." He had noticed a curtain in a neighbouring house pulled back to reveal an inquisitive face.

They started to send their message to London. A beam from a car spotlight suddenly lit up the whole room, swept across the ceiling. Poirier went on with his message. The Gestapo car stopped outside. Henry said: "Send your emergency danger signal to London." Nobody else spoke.

There was the thunder of knocking on the door. The six men were powerless. There was no back way out of the house. The front door was kicked in. The door of the room was flung open. Three troopers with machine-guns covered them. A corporal came in. The six men raised their hands.

"Those are the ones!" cried an excited voice. "Black marketeers, Communists, traitors!" A small female figure burst into the room, quivering with fury and righteous indignation.

It was the inquisitive woman from next door. She had rung the Germans thinking that she had trapped a nest of black marketeers.

The woman stopped short on seeing the wireless. She looked at the men she had betrayed, their faces impassive with hatred. She looked from them to the Germans, then burst into tears and ran from the room.

In Clermont-Ferrand they were all put into different cells. Henry was not badly treated, for the prison was guarded by Georgian troops taken prisoner in Russia. The Georgians—or some of them at least (Stalin was a Georgian)—were not much in favour of the Allies, and a number had been recruited by the Germans.

The next day Henry and the others were taken to Germany. Henry was in a concentration camp till liberated by the Americans in 1945. He came home with four other officers from the same camp. I met them at Victoria. All the men were walking scarecrows. Henry straightened himself and saluted.

"I am sorry I failed in my mission, *mon colonel*," he said. . . .

Roger Landes was filled with cold fury at the capture of Henry and his friends. It now seemed that no mission was safe.

He spent most of his time indoors, never contacting other members of the *réseau*. He had ten men who acted as his special bodyguard—ten members of the *gendarmerie*, who had also supplied him with genuine papers.

"Who did you tell about Henry Peulevé's mission?" Roger asked Jean the courier when next they met.

"I do not talk."

"Everybody talks," Roger said. "It's got to stop. From now on anybody who talks will be shot. I want a message to all section heads that they are not to act at all without direct orders from me. They are never to use any house without sending a scout first. They are not to divulge the nature of any mission to anyone without express permission from me. Now get that out to all section heads before they are arrested."

Jean left to take the message. One of Roger's bodyguards turned up a few hours later.

"You must leave here at once," he said. "They've made more arrests."

"What the hell is this?" Roger cried. "What's going on?"

"You know damn well what's going on," the gendarme replied. "We've got a traitor in the organization."

"Whom have they arrested?"

"They picked up Auguste last night. It looked like a routine check. But there is one piece of good news."

"Oh, what's that?"

"They've let Fragonard's wife go."

"Really," Roger said. "I never even knew she'd been inside."

"Oh yes," the gendarme said, "she was arrested in Paris; that must have been before your time. They had her on suspicion for a long time but they could never pin anything on her. Now they've let her go. Apparently our traitor didn't have any information about Fragonard or his wife."

"That's rather surprising," Roger said. "I thought nearly everybody in Bordeaux knew about Le Chef."

Roger moved his belongings to another safe house. He decided not to tell Jean of his change of address for now it needed only his own capture totally to destroy the Bordeaux *réseau*. He owed it to London and to Claude de Baissac to keep it intact.

One idea recurred to him; that the release of Le Chef's wife had some place in the pattern of events. But in the absence of evidence he could only wait.

In February four R.A.F. men were arrested in a farm while being looked after by a man called Pierre. He was taken to a barn by two of Roger's special bodyguard and forced to account for every move he had made.

He accounted for every minute except an hour on the previous day. Even when threatened with death he refused to fill in the blank. "I have been told not to pass information from one section to another," he said. "I cannot break my faith with my leader."

"Aristide is in command of all the Bordeaux Resistance," the gendarmes told him. "There are no orders superior to his."

"I was simply with Le Chef," the man said. "What's wrong with that?"

The gendarmes reported back to Roger at once. "He was with Le Chef," they told him.

"Tell me more about Le Chef."

"He's been with us for years," one said. "One of the first—and the best." Then he looked up at Roger. "My God, you don't think . . . ?"

"I'm not sure," Roger said. "Not yet. Tomorrow I want you to take a message to René. He's to cut off all contact with Le Chef and join us. The same thing applies to all our men who are mixed up with Le Chef."

But they could not notify René. That night his house was surrounded by the Gestapo. He held them off in a gun battle for five hours. Then his ammunition ran out. The Gestapo entered the house. He was taken to Gestapo headquarters and tortured. Later he was shot.

Roger's suspicions became more and more fixed on the mythical character of Le Chef (whom he had never met). Then something happened to make him change his mind. Le Chef was arrested.

Soon after this the friend who had obtained papers for Roger was questioned by the Gestapo.

At the end of the week, Alphonse, another of Roger's men, was arrested. Commandant Dhose, the Gestapo chief, was either very lucky or he was still getting expert information.

Roger had a wireless set in a safe house above a garage in a mews. It was much too precious to abandon so he decided to move it elsewhere.

He cycled to the house and entered by a side entrance. He was met by the daughter of the family who owned it. "They have arrested Maman," she whispered. "They were looking for the wireless set. They suspect her of concealing it."

"Did they find it?"

"No, no, they didn't. They're watching the house. They probably saw you come in. If they find the set they'll shoot Maman, that's certain."

The girl watched as Roger took the case containing the wireless set from under a bed. "I'll take it with me," he said. He balanced it on the seat of his bicycle and wheeled it out into the road.

There were two Gestapo men at the end of the mews. Roger walked slowly on. As he came abreast of them the bicycle buckled on a cobblestone. The case tumbled to the ground.

One of the Gestapo men approached. He picked up the case, then looked at Roger. "Let me help you," he said.

Roger righted the bike and smiled. The Gestapo man put the wireless on the saddle of the bike and nodded courteously. Roger walked away.

Later he remembered that the house where the wireless had been stored was one recommended by Le Chef. . . .

Three days later Le Chef was released—Jean brought a message saying he had met the man personally.

"Has he been badly treated?" Roger asked.

"He says he managed to bluff his way out. He wants to meet you."

"Tell Le Chef that I will send one of my staff to meet him at La Chèvre tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock," said Roger.

"You will not go yourself?"

"I will not go myself."

Roger watched Jean disappear. Who was on which side? Roger suspected everybody. He was determined to meet Le Chef personally at the field called La Chèvre. Le Chef, if he was the traitor, would think that Roger was a messenger. He would, most probably, not have him arrested but would wait for the big fish to bite, failing to realize that the man before him was the leader the Gestapo sought.

That night two arms dumps were raided by the Gestapo. Both were in places recommended by Le Chef.

Roger left the house at two o'clock the next afternoon. With him he took his revolver.

La Chèvre was a meeting place often used by our men—so called because of a goat which was tethered in the field.

Roger reached the field. At three o'clock a figure in a black overcoat approached—a man of about thirty-five, rather short, with a rim of black moustache across his upper lip. Roger sat down on a tin barrel and waited.

"I have come on behalf of Monsieur Igor," the man said.

"Mm'm. And I have come on behalf of Churchill," Roger replied, giving the other half of the password he had agreed with Jean.

"Have you got a message for Aristide?" asked Roger.

"Not in writing, that would be too risky. I must give you it verbally."

Roger put his hand into his pocket

and closed his fist round his revolver butt. He led the way into a shack.

"Well, what is the message?" Roger asked.

"The Germans know about me," said the man.

"Did you talk?"

"I had to tell them certain things," said the man.

"What did you tell them?"

"About the arms dumps and the wireless sets."

"You have betrayed us," Roger said. He glared with cold hatred at the man in front of him.

"Who are you?" asked Le Chef.

"I am a friend of Aristide."

"You must learn to obey orders, my friend," Le Chef said. "This is what I have to say to Aristide. We are all in danger. Somehow the Gestapo have permeated the whole organization. I have had to reveal some of the arms dumps. We will have to reveal them all if we want to stop the Germans shooting hundreds of people."

"I know what Aristide will say," Roger said.

"How can you know? Are you so close to him?"

"Nobody," Roger replied, "is closer to him than I."

"And what would he say?"

"He would say that as an officer he cannot think for a moment of surrendering quantities of arms and ammunition to the enemy."

"You must make him understand. The Germans will shoot him otherwise."

"They must catch him first," said Roger.

"We know who he is and where he lives."

"Doubtless you know what he looks like?"

"Of course," said Le Chef. "He is tall and fair."

So Jean was not Le Chef's accomplice. Only the courier could have described Roger to Le Chef—and he must have given him a false description.

"Obviously you know more than I think," Roger smiled.

"I have not told what I know, but the Germans can easily re-arrest me. You must take my message to Aristide at once."

It was clear that Le Chef was under constant pressure from the Gestapo for new information. That night another arms dump was raided.

Roger now put on a black wig, darkened in a small moustache and wore thick glasses. Le Chef might have given his description away. The disguise was necessary.

On the following day Le Chef sent a message through Jean: he must see Aristide at once. He named the place—a small village called Haute Colline.

Three hours before the proposed rendezvous Roger's men, led by a man called Georges, were waiting in a farm four kilometres from the rendezvous, another farm, called Violette. Roger was in a villa near Bordeaux.

An hour and a half before the meeting, three black cars full of men went past the farm. "There they go," Georges said. "Le Chef's friends."

An hour later a look-out tipped them off. Le Chef was coming along the road in a cart. His wife was with him and so was a bodyguard.

One of Georges's men drove a large plough across the road. The cart halted. "What is this?" began Le Chef.

"Come on," Georges said.

Le Chef did not resist. He and his wife and the bodyguard were all taken in the cart to Roger.

"Where's Aristide?" were Le Chef's first words. "There's been a trap."

"I am Aristide," Roger said.

"Don't lie to me."

"It is you who has told lies. What I want to know is how many times, and where, and why. You'd better talk. You have nothing to fear."

"I don't understand. . . ."

"I have orders to return you to London, by air. You will go tonight. All three of you."

ROGER questioned Le Chef systematically for six hours. A pattern emerged. Le Chef had been a faithful and brave leader until the arrest of his wife. The Germans had threatened to kill her. He loved her and had agreed to talk. Anybody, he said, would have done the same. The Germans were not satisfied and threatened to re-arrest his wife. He wanted to save the lives of the Resistance, so had given away the arms dumps. Then they had asked for names. They had promised not to kill. They had broken the promise, but each time they had made it again. Each time because of his love for his wife, he had believed them.

Towards evening, Georges reported that the Germans had put up road blocks in the area, and had arrested a resister and tortured him to death.

Roger's resolution hardened towards Le Chef. "We'll take you out to the plane now," he told the traitor.

Georges, Roger and two of the gendarmes of Roger's bodyguard marched the two men and the woman out of the house. They all got into a large station-wagon which a member of the *réseau*, a butcher, had lent them.

Le Chef sat holding hands with his wife in the back of the car. The other man sat in the front.

They entered the town—the route they had to take to avoid the road blocks—and were forced to stop for traffic lights. A German field-policeman stood scarcely ten feet from Le Chef who, Roger saw, was sitting quite serenely. Le Chef believed the story about the plane.

When they reached open country again, Roger turned into a wood.

"Where can the plane land near here?" Le Chef asked.

"Never mind. Get out."

One of the gendarmes took Le Chef's arm. The man turned to Roger. "Can't we all go together?"

"No."

Le Chef nodded. He turned and looked at his wife. He kissed her and then let the gendarme lead him down the path. Perhaps he knew. . . .

Roger followed with Le Chef's wife. They walked briskly into the heart of the wood. Ahead there was a shot. Then another. Roger pressed his pistol into the nape of the woman's neck. She shuddered. He pulled the trigger.

They buried the bodies in the floor of the wood. Nobody felt proud of the day's work; but it had to be done.

Now began Roger's biggest job to get the whole Bordeaux Resistance fighting fit again. Everybody felt and hoped that soon Allied forces would again land in France. We in London set about rearming Bordeaux.

Thanks to the strictness of Roger's new security precautions, Commandant Dhose never destroyed the Bordeaux *réseau*. More recruits were enrolled, and those whom Le Chef had led were severed from the organization proper. An almost completely new army was raised which, by D-Day, numbered five thousand.

Those who joined up at the last minute were called "naphthalenes" by their veteran colleagues because, it was said, they smelled of the mothballs from which their uniforms had come.

Uniforms were made available to most of our officers by D-Day. They put them on proudly to lead the final, and most vital, missions in the history of the Resistance.

Next week: How our agents planned their D-Day rôles

Litter Love

by BRIAN PARSONS

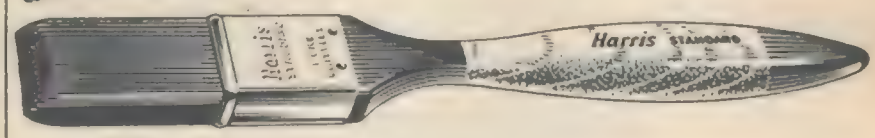
I like litter; I like the way
That paper brightens up the grey
Of pavements with its colours gay.
I like the way banana-skins
Ignore all notices and bins,
And decorate old rusty tins.
I like the litter of the mind,
Odd fragments and half-thoughts, the kind
Of things that words can rarely find.

do you belong to the Harristocracy?

You can always tell a Harristocrat. But you can't tell him much—not about decorating. He uses Harris paint brushes!

The Harris *Junior* is good (1" at 2/6 to 4" at 12/6).
The *Standard* is better (½" at 2/- to 4" at 19/6).
The very Harristocratic *Super* is best of all!

the bristles won't come out



Harris the paint brush with a name to its handle

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ORC 57

A word of advice to wearers of false teeth

Any Dentist will tell you that after extractions your gums gradually continue to change shape. However well made, your denture may become loose and suction fails to keep it in place at all times. A plate which is loose or rocks, or drops when chewing, talking or laughing destroys self-confidence and often causes shyness.

A denture fixative like Dr. Wernet's Powder is the answer to these embarrassing moments. Dr. Wernet's is a hygienic, tasteless powder recommended by Dentists all over the world. You simply sprinkle it on your plate every morning and for the rest of the day you can forget your teeth. Wernet's holds the denture firm and comfortable and prevents any soreness of the gums. You can eat what you like, laugh and talk without fear.

Why suffer mouth discomfort another day when you can prove the amazing difference Dr. Wernet's Powder makes? Get a tin from your chemist tomorrow.

She likes what she likes—like cooking, swimming, curly poodles, violins and fun. Neat, petite, sweetly sure of herself. Even when she was at school she was called . . .

yes . . . Yana! And how many Head Girls and Games Captains do *you* know with the voice and the charm to go straight to the top of the bill in variety, and straight to the hearts of millions?

Here's an interesting thing about Yana. Seventy-five per cent of her most enthusiastic fans, in theatre audiences and on T.V., are—other women. Could that be a tribute to her genuineness? And here's another . . . If you offer her a drink after the show, she'll tell you "Martini—just by itself!". Real Martini, out of a Martini bottle. (Dry or sweet, according to mood.) Something very genuine there, too!

Better drink

MARTINI

Sweet or Dry

The coukla

Continued from page 11

made him change his tone and a shrewd gleam came into his eyes. The young man had said "found it." There was always the faint chance that a peasant might one day walk in with some priceless piece of antiquity to make a dealer's fortune. "Do you want to sell something?" he asked. Without waiting for Manolis's answer, he waved him to a chair and called on a boy who was sweeping the inner room to run out for two coffees.

Manolis began to feel uneasy, knowing these moves to be the preludes to serious business. They sat down and, as was expected of him, Manolis explained who he was, where he came from, and what he was doing in Athens. He did not, of course, tell the whole truth.

When he had finished his story, the dealer looked at him shrewdly. "Then it was not to buy this *coukla* that you came to my shop?"

"No, Uncle."

"You have, perhaps, something to sell?"

Manolis hesitated. In that moment he noticed a clenching of Dimitri's gnarled hand. He knew that he could not after all bring himself to trust him.

"No, Uncle, I have nothing to sell," he replied. "I really wanted to buy the ikon of St. Nicholas in the window, but I doubt if I can afford it."

Much of the affability went out of Dimitri's manner.

Disappointment apart, such directness was not the proper way to do business.

HE went stiffly to the window and brought out the ikon. The long process of bargaining began. Manolis found himself trapped into an argument from which he could not retire without losing face. In the end he paid forty drachmae, half of all he had, for the ikon, and walked out of the shop with it under his arm, cursing himself for a fool.

"It came straight from the holy monks on Mount Athos," Dimitri called after his retreating back.

Even that did not console him.

That was the end of Manolis's attempt to sell the *coukla*, at any rate for the time being. The immediate problem was how to support himself until he could bargain with knowledge.

Manolis touted the ikon of St. Nicholas round the junk shops, trying to sell it for more than he had paid, but without success. After two or three days it occurred to him to go farther afield. He went to Piraeus, but was no luckier there.

Discouraged, not knowing what to do next, he wandered down to the port and watched the vessels unloading. It was, he remembered rather wistfully, always pleasant to sit in the sun and watch others work. He thought sadly of days which now seemed far distant; of the village, and Euphrosyne Efstratiou. . . .

"Here, you!"

He awakened from his half-dream to find a little old man beckoning and shouting in his direction. He was supervising the moving of a huge crate, under which two stout fellows staggered.

"Give us a hand," the old man said. "You look a strong chap."

Manolis asked the rate of pay for porters. It was very low, but he was not in a position to despise any chance of earning a few drachmae. He looked around for somewhere to leave the ikon, and laid it down on a coil of rope. Then he went to help.

Manolis worked for the rest of the day alongside the other men, was paid off with them and was told that if he came back next morning he could have work. Then he went back to pick up the ikon, but it had gone.

He had worked hard for hours under the fierce heat of the sun for a day's pay, and had lost more than a week's. In that moment he doubted himself. He would never, after all, go back rich to the village.

Suddenly he remembered the *coukla*, which he had left in his room in the sisters' house, and feared for her safety. Perhaps, by the time he got back, she too would be gone? Without looking farther for St. Nicholas, he turned and hurried to the square, where he begged a lift on a passing cart into Athens.

The *coukla* was still in his canvas hold-all, wrapped in his spare underwear. He uncovered her, and gazed for a long time upon her beauty. She was all he had, and she seemed to smile up at him reassuringly. Her smile was strangely like Euphrosyne's. He read into her look a promise that one day, through her, he would yet be rich.

Manolis went on working at the docks, and was called into the company's office. The owner, Nicholas Demetriades, the wizened old man who had first called on him to help the other porters, was sitting at his desk. Abruptly, as if grudging even of words, he offered Manolis the job of foreman, to replace a man who was leaving.

The job meant a small rise in pay. Manolis accepted. He was about to leave when his eyes lighted upon the ikon of St. Nicholas which hung on the rough wooden wall over Demetriades's head. It was his own ikon of St. Nicholas. No doubt of that.

"Why, there's my ikon," he exclaimed in surprise. "How did it get there?"

"Your ikon?" parried Demetriades, fixing him with a keen stare. "Your name isn't Nicholas."

Manolis explained that it was none the less his ikon; that he had put it down when Demetriades had first called upon him to help on the wharf.

"You can prove it is yours?"

"I can take you to the shop where I bought it, a few days before you first saw me."

"I found it," said Demetriades grudgingly. "That very day, I'll admit. I didn't think that it might have been yours, and you never inquired. Well," he paused. "I believe you're honest, so I'll take your word for it. Will you sell it to me?"

"How much?" asked Manolis.

It was some time before the old man brought out his opening bid of twenty-five drachmae. Manolis countered with the positive statement that he would not take less than one hundred and fifty. They argued a bit, but Manolis stood firm.

"A hundred and fifty for an old picture!" cried Demetriades, wringing his hands. "Why, it's so dark you can hardly see the saint's blessed face."

"The darker, the older. This ikon," went on Manolis, seizing upon a vague memory, "came straight from the holy monks on Mount Athos. A hundred and fifty. Or, since I so much respect you, a hundred and twenty."

"Forty," groaned Demetriades. "And that's robbery."

"It's not more than half what I gave for it."

Demetriades turned and gazed up at the ikon. He had a superstitious regard for this picture of his patron saint. He had found it, as it had seemed by a miracle, on the very day he had brought off his most profitable recent business transaction. If he gave it back, his luck might go with it.

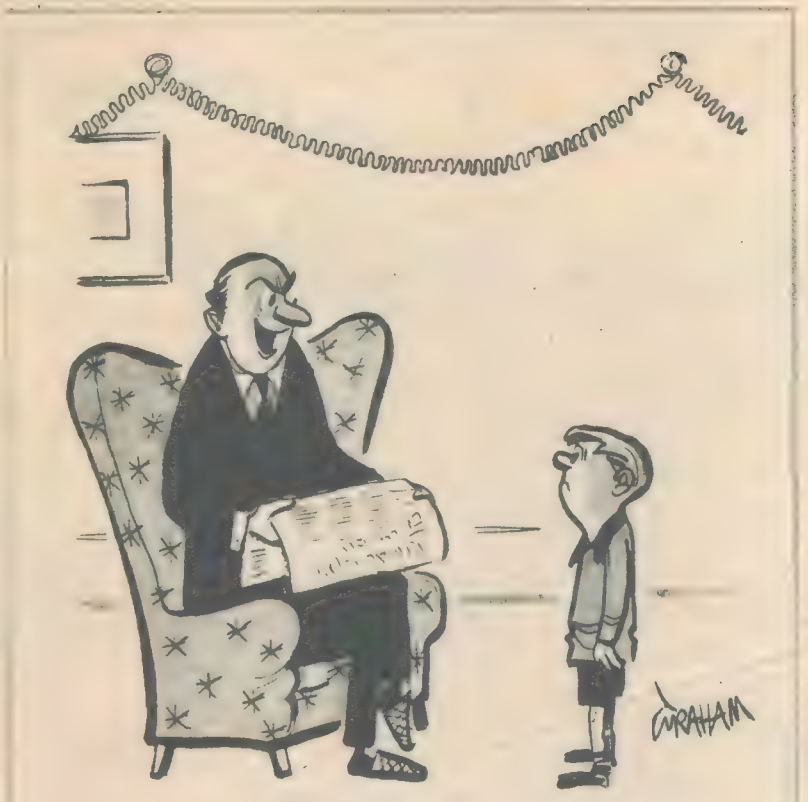
"Fifty, then."

"I am very sorry," said Manolis, though his heart was pounding with joy. "It is impossible." He took a step forward, as if to remove the ikon from the wall.

"What will you really take for it?" asked Demetriades, struck with fear at the thought of losing his protector.

"A hundred and twenty," said Manolis.

"All right." With infinite reluctance, Demetriades peeled off the notes from a roll taken from an inner pocket, and handed them to Manolis. "You drive a hard bargain," he said, with grudging admiration.



"I've had a message from Father Christmas. He's got no new bicycles this year—only second-hand ones"

HORSES—4

No one ever came to grief—except honourable grief—through riding horses. No hour of life is lost that is spent in the saddle.

Sir Winston Churchill

From that moment Demetriades followed Manolis with appraising eyes, noting so far as he could his work and his private conduct. The young man worked hard, did not drink, had no wife to squander his money. He was evidently as prudent as he was hard-working. Demetriades, the miser, could not know that the ruling passion of Manolis's life was a stone doll, and took him for another like himself, who lived for work and whose passion was money.

Though Manolis did not realize it, his employer put him through a series of small, searching tests of his honesty. He began to take him ever more closely into his confidence.

When the day came when Manolis had to leave his lodgings, because the two sisters had to make room for a third who had recently been widowed, Demetriades offered him the use of rooms above the warehouse, which he gladly accepted.

The old man began to get into the habit of coming in during the evening. Soon he was helping Manolis to catch up on his neglected schooling. Demetriades himself had not had much education, but he knew enough to be able to oversee his two confidential clerks and make sure he was not cheated. What he knew, he passed on to the younger man. . . .

A TIME came when Manolis realized that he had been in Demetriades's employment for six years. Six years! And the *coukla* was still unsold, left now for longer and longer periods wrapped up in a bottom drawer, only rarely to be admired, sighed over and put away again.

Euphrosyne Efstratiou would be twenty-two now; married, of course, and no doubt the mother of children. Where would he ever find another woman like her, when at last he was rich?

For he was still biding his time. His business experience only confirmed his first peasant doubt. He would never get the *coukla's* proper price. But an informed and prosperous man would be less badly cheated than a raw youth from the country.

Meanwhile Demetriades's health was breaking up. He could no longer scurry about the wharves, but sat fretfully all day long in the cramped and airless office. He turned over all the active part of his work to Manolis, who worked harder than ever.

"My son," he said suddenly one day, "I should be paying you more."

Manolis had long thought the same. Now the sight of the old man's worn face went to his heart.

"Do not think of it, my father," he answered. "You are ill. When you are better you can, if you like, bother your head with such things. But not now."

"You shall be rewarded after I am gone," muttered the old man. . . .

Manolis was by the old man's bed on the night he died.

"Is there anybody I should send for?" he asked. He knew that the old man had relatives, from whom he had early cut himself off. Their persistent demands for help had seemed likely to hamper him in his purpose of making a fortune.

"Nobody," faltered Demetriades. "You have been, you are, my son. . . ."

Those were his last words.

Manolis wept for the grim old man who had in some way replaced the father he could not remember. And a few days later, in the counting-house, under the ikon of St. Nicholas, Manolis learned what provision Demetriades had made for him.

There were substantial legacies, as was fitting, to the relatives; but the business and everything connected with it was to go to Manolis.

Now that he was a rich man, Manolis felt none of the exultation he had expected. Where would he find someone to share his wealth? He missed Demetriades poignantly. His heart cried out for love and companionship. . . .

A year later, Manolis, riding in his own carriage, went back to his native village. He was not quite sure why he was going. He only knew that he must. Perhaps he might find a good girl there to make his wife, one whose peasant training would ensure that she made him a comfortable home and did not waste the fortune his old master had passed on to him.

The village lay dreaming in the sun, just as he remembered it. A group of women, grey-clad and with heads respectably covered, was clustered about the well. He looked at them as he drove past, trying to recognize the young girls he had known. They stared back at him, curious to know who the fine gentleman might be.

The mayor's house came in sight, and Manolis's heart began to thump hard and fast. The carriage drove up to the door and he got out and ran up the steps into the cool porch.

A young village girl answered his

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knock. Efstratiou was out. His wife had been dead for some years.

Manolis crossed himself. "Then there is nobody at home?" he asked uncertainly.

"But yes," the girl hastened to say. "The *Despinis* Euphrosyne."

Despinis? Euphrosyne not married? How was it possible?

Somehow he managed to ask to see her, then waited with racing pulse in the cool salon, where blinds were drawn down against the afternoon heat. Euphrosyne came into the room and looked at him wonderingly. She gave a little gasp and, as his arms opened, went into them. . . .

"Why are you not married?" Manolis asked later.

Euphrosyne coloured. "Not long after the betrothal, my fiancé went bankrupt. My father agreed with him that the marriage should not take place. Then Mother died and Father was left alone. It wasn't so difficult then to keep free."

"Free for whom?" Manolis asked jealously, hopefully. But she did not reply.

"Can I hope you were waiting for me?"

She looked at him very seriously. Then she said: "I cannot begin our love with a lie. How could I hope that you would return, and like this? I had no hope. But I never forgot you."

Her directness pleased Manolis. He saw in her qualities of character he had not hoped to find in a woman. His practical Greek good sense confirmed what she said.

"When shall we be married?" he asked. . . .

MANOLIS and Euphrosyne lived long in love and concord together, as the Greek marriage service prescribes. Also as it prescribes, they produced a brood of beautiful children.

Their wealth increased. In due time good marriages were arranged for the daughters. The sons joined the business, and themselves founded families.

All knew and loved the *coukla*, which stood on a pedestal in the parents' bedroom, near the ikons.

Manolis had become known as a lover and collector of beautiful things. But his busy life had not left him time to learn about such things, and he loved them all without discrimination. Having early made some bad bargains, he now employed an agent to buy for him. The agent's name was Markakis. Markakis had taste, and the knowledge which comes from lifelong experience. Manolis had the means to indulge his whim. Both were satisfied with their mutual dealings.

One day it occurred to Manolis to ask Markakis's valuation of the *coukla*. It pleased him to know that, however much she might be worth, it could not now tempt him to part with her for cash.

He left Markakis in the salon, to return with the statuette, which he placed tenderly on the fine inlaid table between them. Markakis looked at him with some surprise, and then listened as Manolis told him the story of how he had found the *coukla* in the trench, and what her influence had been in his life.

"She has led me," he said, "by slow degrees from penury to riches. She has brought me wealth and happiness, made me what I am today." He looked lovingly at the *coukla*.

"Of course I do not mean to sell her. I shall never part with her now. When my wife and I are gone, she will belong to the nation. But I should like to know, after all these years, just what her value might be."

Markakis had seen at a glance that the *coukla* was one of those copies fashioned in hundreds by the patient hands of craftsmen in the Plaka for sale to tourists in the Othos Ermou. On the level of his dealings and Manolis's, it was a quite worthless piece of stone.

Markakis took up the *coukla* and made pretence of admiring it. He weighed his words carefully.

"It is above price," he said.

Manolis was content. THE END

Wolf dog

Continued from page 21

out and my uncle swore at him and sent him in again." She drew a hand swiftly across her eyes. "The third time, Jim just stood at the edge of the alders, looking at us over his shoulder. He was confused. He didn't understand, and he was telling us so.

"My uncle slipped a cartridge into his gun. He was smiling as he said to me: 'Looks like your pet has to learn the hard way.' He fired and Jim screamed. I tried to go to him where he was thrashing around in the brush, but my uncle grabbed my arm and stopped me. Jim began to run. I could hear him crying, Mr. Kellaher, from farther and farther away, till the hills blocked him out."

Peter Holland sat scowling at his brown hands on the table. I got up and marched twice across the room, wanting to hit somebody, wanting to smash something.

I turned and said to Janice: "So Jim ran off. Then what?"

"We started back to the lodge. My uncle walked ahead of me."

I asked her: "What about Jim?"

"He came home late that night. I'd been sleeping in a tent at the back of the lodge. He came and stood in the doorway in the moonlight, not making a sound. I wanted to get up and go to him, but I knew what had happened was mostly my fault, and I thought if I didn't let him be friends with me, things might still turn out all right."

Her voice quivered, and she brushed at her eyes again. "Jim came into the tent, Mr. Kellaher. He picked up one of my shoes and dropped it by my hand. He whined, but I didn't speak to him. I didn't touch him even when he pushed at my arm. After a long time, he went away. I thought I was doing right, that it would be best for him. . . ."

The girl began to cry then in earnest. She put her head on her arms on my kitchen table and wept as if her heart would break. Jim whined and edged against her knee.

I asked the boy: "Was it after that business that Jim started killing sheep?"

"We think he started on deer." Peter spoke moodily. His suit was well cut, but it couldn't take away that look of a gangling farm boy. "Jim never showed up at Murchison's again. I suppose he had to eat somehow.

"Well, there aren't many deer left round Lagos Harbour, so Jim started sneaking in to the ranches at night with his furry friends. Joe Ottram lost nine sheep in one raid. At the Mackinnons' they hazed thirty ewes and lambs over a bluff into the marsh." Peter's hands were rammed deep in his pockets. His face was red and he was every bit the outraged rancher now, telling me about foul murder. "They hit our ranch twice. The second time Dad and me were ready for them. We got three in five shots——"

"Wait!" I interrupted him. "What's this of Jim's furry friends? Who's the 'they' you're speaking of?"

"Wolves!" He threw the word at me as if it burned his mouth. "Timber wolves. He'd hooked up with them, and taken a black bitch for his mate." He jerked his head at Jim, and said sourly: "He was a good dog once, I'm not arguing that. But he's all wolf now, inside, and nothing you or anybody can do will change him."

"Still," I said, "it appears you did spoil your father's shot."

"I did," Peter said. "Like I told you, I'm a darn fool. I believed the dog had had a raw deal. Besides, I knew how Janice would take it if he was killed."

"He may have to be killed," I said, watching Gentleman Jim, trying hard to read the mind behind those sad eyes. "When did you next run into him?"

Janice was busy with her handkerchief. Her voice came out of it muffled. "We didn't run into him. He found us. We'd been searching for him, off and on, for weeks. He found us last Saturday and he saved our lives."

"Baloney!" Peter protested.

"He most certainly did." The girl glared back at him. "You just can't bear to admit it, that's all."

"Okay, okay," I soothed them.

"We got lost," Peter said. He spoke stiffly, defensively. "It isn't hard to do up there in the forests. Even at that, we'd have found our way out before morning, except she had to fall and twist her ankle."

"On purpose, of course," Janice murmured.

I gave them a look, and the girl said: "Sorry, Mr. Kellaher." Then she went on: "We decided to wait till daylight. That's how Jim found us." Her hand returned to the black dog's head. "I think he knew I was hurt, and came to me."

"Bringing company," Peter said. "His furry friends."

"He did not bring them. They just came." The girl's shoulders twitched, and she shuddered. "It was horrible. We could see their green eyes all round us. I'm sure they'd have moved in on us, if Jim hadn't kept them away."

"Wolves never bother people," Peter said. "If the dog hadn't been there, they wouldn't have come."

I wasn't concerned with whether wolves might attack a couple of kids in the dark. What did concern me, and give me hope, was that Jim had turned away from the wild ones that night.

"Odd behaviour," I said for Peter's benefit. "Hardly what you'd expect of a dog that's a wolf inside. . . . He stuck with you all night, then?"

"All night," Janice said. "When we met the search party next morning, he stayed. Even when my uncle tried to shoot him, Jim wouldn't run."

"My dad stopped that," Peter said. "He grabbed the gun right out of Andrew Murchison's hands. It was a wonderful sight."

"Wonderful," Janice agreed, smiling back at him; and for a flash I saw them for what they were—a couple of likeable teenagers.

"You mentioned a trial," I said.

"They held it there," Janice told me. "Peter's father, Joe Ottram, the Mackinnon brothers and the game warden. They tried Jim and convicted him for a deer runner and a sheep killer. But they let me speak for him. They decided that if my uncle would turn Jim over to me, they'd give him his chance." She paused, and then ended quietly: "The rest is up to you."

The feeling grew in me that I was on trial here. Oh, sure, I'd been up to my ears in trouble the day Andrew Murchison blew in with his three hundred dollars and his big talk, to buy himself a Brierbank Labrador. A fire had all but wiped out my kennels. Insurance wouldn't cover the damage and, with my hands like footballs for the bandages on them, I had to hire help or go under. That was my defence. But it wasn't good enough; my conscience ripped it to shreds. For quick money I'd done what no breeder does, if he has an ethic to his name. I'd sold a fine dog to a man I knew was wrong for him.

"You youngsters clear out," I said. "Jim stays here, board free. There'll be no visits, no phone calls. Don't come back till you're sent for." I could have left it at that but, although it wasn't my affair, I had one thing more I wanted to say to those two. "I'd like to think of you going to college, Janice. If Peter's dad is willing to help, I think you ought to take him up on it. But no getting married, you understand?"

"We understand," the girl said. Her eyes were shining. "Thanks," she whispered. "Oh, Mr. Kellaher, thanks!"

I stood with Jim's leash in my fist, hearing them go down my lane in the dark. Jim whined softly and I dropped a hand to his head, the good-doing glow leaving me as I reflected on what I'd let myself in for. The dog had run wild for most of a year. He'd tasted hot blood and had his fangs in wool, not once but many times, and I'd yet to hear of a sheep killer that reformed.

My only hope, and Jim's, lay in the fact that he'd broken with the wild ones; that of his own free will and inclination he had come back.

For what we had to do, we'd need room to work in, and we'd need sheep. The Indian reserve lands at the mouth of Quelth River would give us plenty of both, and Chief Lucas was my friend. We'd hunted together many a time. Another thing the Indian lands would give us: wolves, for Jim's temptation. If he wanted to turn outlaw again, the dog would have his chance. . . .

ON the third Saturday in March, with the lambing season over, I stowed my rifle in the kennel wagon and headed north to the sheeplands. Gentleman Jim rode beside me. He had filled out. His coat had a high shine and, except for the ruffle across his shoulders, he was in perfect condition.

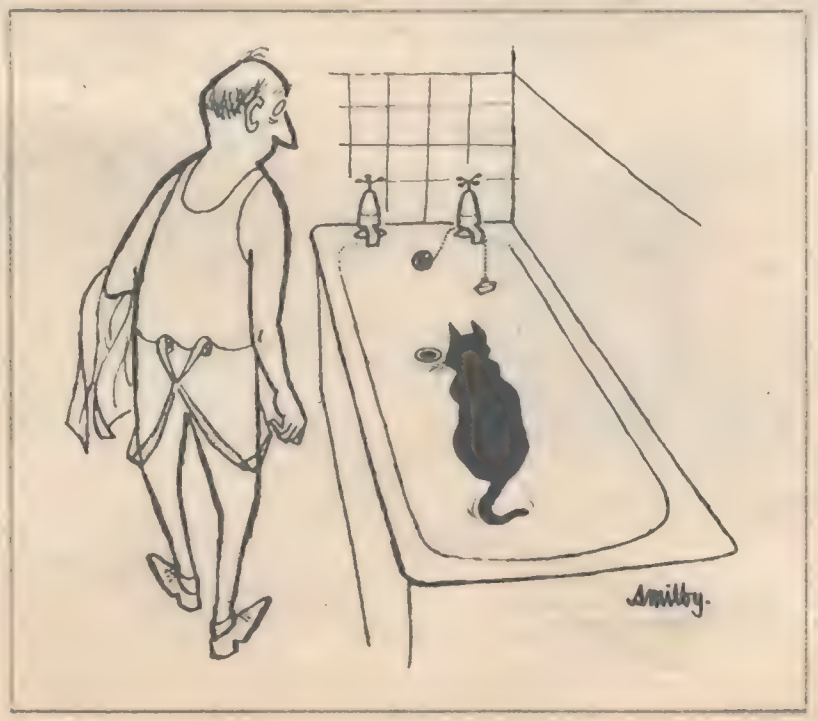
I unloaded him at the southerly edge of Quelth River flats, where the undergrowth thinned to scrub. "Stay," I ordered him, and left him there.

He would sit like a rock, I knew, till

HORSES—5

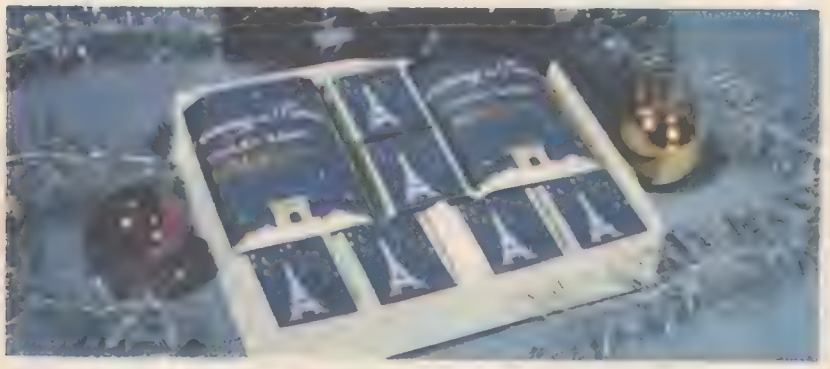
It makes men imperious to sit on a horse.

O. W. Holmes



WHOEVER SHE IS

she'll like to have...



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he heard my whistle from a quarter of a mile across the valley. But the butterflies in my belly grew as I tracked back to the winding river road and followed it around the valley head to where I'd told Janice and Peter to meet me.

I waited, nervous as a cat, drinking Thermos coffee and forcing myself to eat a couple of sandwiches. Half an hour passed before an old car toiled up the hill and pulled in behind me.

The young ones were as I remembered them—Janice anxious and pretty; Peter still awkward in town clothes. I led them through the undergrowth to a rock outcrop that overhung the meadow valley. We stood there, staring down. . . .

For a long, blank moment, nobody spoke. Then Janice turned to me with the look of hurt and grief I remembered.

"It didn't work," she said quietly. "But thanks for trying."

The thing couldn't have happened. But I had to believe what my eyes showed me. I saw the toy sheep below us, the frightened flock huddled in a mass on the far reach of the meadow. I made out the three dead ones, grey mounds lying where a killer's throat-slash had dropped them. And beyond them I saw the dog I'd once nicknamed Gentleman Jim.

He stood stiff-legged in the brown wild grass, facing the panicky flock. I reached for my rifle, hearing the girl's quick intake of breath. Through the telescope sight I saw Jim's raised hackles and the wicked white of his teeth.

It was a long shot, but not too long. I held high on Jim's shoulder, wishing the sight was set on the man who'd ruined him.

I was easing the slack from the trigger when fingers dug frantically at my arm.

"Hold it!" Peter's voice was urgent in my ear. "Something funny's going on down there." I stared at him and he said rapidly: "I know a thing or two about sheep, Mr. Kellaher. It's not the dog they're scared of."

Out past the flock, at the edge of the timber, movement flickered. Jim took off in silence, the packed sheep parting ahead of him. He drove through, running flat out, and the lean grey shape in the scrub was racing too, ghosting for heavier cover. I tossed a shot at it.

The report of another rifle came cross-valley to us like a delayed echo. Presently Chief Lucas waddled out of the undergrowth, dangling his carbine. With his other hand he dragged a carcass by its tail.

"A furry friend," Peter said. "Brush wolf, and a big one."

"Can I call him now?" Janice was begging me. "Or go to him?"

"Not yet," I told her. "Jim has work to do."

I flagged him, and backed my signal with the whistle. Jim went to work as if anxious to make up for breaking my command to stay. There was a shed at the foot of the meadow, a fold of sorts, and he hazed the flock in that direction.

No flanker got past him and no straggler escaped him. When he had bustled the last contrary ewe into the fold with her lamb beside her, he trotted back towards us, proud in the tail and laughing all over his face.

"Please, now?" Janice begged me.

I told her: "Now."

She ran down the slope. Jim saw her and checked, then came on at a lope that quickened to the Labrador gallop, the gait the big blacks hit in a hot field trial. Or when they're coming in to the one they love.

"Better stay away from there, son," I said to Peter. "You'll not want to play second fiddle to a dog." But the boy was already past me.

There didn't seem much need for me in the meadow, so I picked up my rifle and headed out towards my car. And I tell you, it fairly amazed me to see how the springtime had jumped ahead in an hour. THE END

Drivers who can't help killing

Continued from page 19

drivers took a significantly longer time to react. Thus, they would be much more likely to have accidents.

The conclusion seems inevitable that alcohol caused drivers to have many more accidents last year than the official figure of 994, which also includes accidents by drivers who were under the influence of drugs. Experiments in other countries carry the same inference. Even a single pint of beer can affect judgment and reaction times in some individuals. It takes the body so long to eliminate alcohol that most airlines insist on their pilots abstaining for eighteen hours before a flight.

Fatigue may be even more dangerous. It may be physical or mental. It may be brought on by bad ventilation or a family quarrel. But, surprisingly, performance is not necessarily affected by the length of the drive.

When fatigue does come its symptoms are frightening. First, there is a gradual deterioration in reaction time. Then, without knowing it, the driver fails to react properly to what is happening around him. He stops at a crossroads and although there are no traffic signals, waits for the green light. Suddenly, he "comes to." Streaking across the junction, he concentrates all his attention on the clear road ahead. He fails to take in the headlights of a car approaching from the right.

In extreme cases drivers have reported hallucinations. They have seen non-existent logs and deer and cattle obstructing the road. One man, driving at night along a straight deserted road suddenly saw a house blocking it completely. He swerved to avoid a crash—and woke up with his lorry turning over and over in a gully.

Bad health may aggravate fatigue. In theory, the four medical questions on the driving licence application should eliminate sick drivers. But some time ago, Dr. Josefine Webb, of Oxford University Social Medicine Unit, read reports of a meeting where a doctor spoke about one of his patients. He was an elderly man "who drove a high-powered car at reckless speed and was extremely annoyed at the advice that he should give up driving. He had three blackouts in a year and had developed *petit mal* (a minor form of epilepsy)." Dr. Webb wondered how many such drivers there were.

One way of making an estimate was to examine the wartime medical records of full-time professional drivers. She obtained 1,276 of them.

She found that 172 had been rejected outright for military service. Of these, five were epileptics, forty-nine had defective eyesight and thirty-five were suffering from defects of "movement, control and muscular power." If they had answered the questions truthfully, not one would have got a licence.

In addition, at least fifty-three had incorrectly answered the fourth question: "Are you suffering from any disease or disability which would be likely to cause you to be a danger to the public?"

One doctor has held that any condition likely to cause increased liability to fatigue is dangerous in a driver. By this criterion, all 172 should have been refused licences. If this batch was typical, it means that one driver in eleven is unfit to be on the road.

Scientists agree that chronic illnesses are less dangerous than new and developing ones. The chronic invalid realizes his limitations and can often compensate for them. The man who has recently become ill may be unaware of the fact and is defenceless.

A typical case was that of a village taxi-driver. After twenty years' accident-free driving he had three trivial but inexcusable accidents in a single month. Wisely, the village policeman suggested that he should see a doctor. He did so—and found that he had a brain tumour.

Such an illness—or even an acute emotional disturbance—may be said to make a driver temporarily accident-prone. The idea of permanent accident-proneness was first developed by industrial psychologists. They noticed that some men, without apparent physical or psychological defects, had much more than their fair share of accidents.

In recent years several people have endeavoured to discover if and how accident-proneness applies to drivers.

In 1946 Bernard Bebbington, Chief Constable of Cambridge and an authority on road safety, started to keep a record of every driver, living within thirty miles of Cambridge, who had an accident in the city.

By 1953 he had 10,087 drivers on his files. Of these, 8,526 had had one accident, 1,044 two accidents and 517 three or more. One driver had had fourteen in two and a half years. Altogether, the 517 had had 2,114 accidents. This meant that one-twentieth of the drivers on the records had had one-sixth of the accidents.

So far Bebbington had established only that some people had more accidents than others. They may have done so because they did more driving or because they drove more in the rush-hour or on dangerous roads.

But there are three bus drivers—still driving—who since 1946 have had twenty-one, eighteen and seventeen accidents. "What struck me," he says, "is that other bus drivers, working in identical conditions, are getting awards for twenty-four years' accident-free driving. One or two accidents can't be helped, but if a person has a large number in a short time, there's something wrong."

What is wrong is sometimes obvious. One man who had nine accidents in three years was seventy-two and deaf. A man who had four accidents in four years had an artificial leg. But for the majority of accident repeaters, there was no simple explanation. They were apparently the accident-prone.

Dr. Russell Davis, a Cambridge psychologist who is working on the interpretations of Bebbington's results, says: "Simple things like reaction time and acuteness of sight have little to do with accident-proneness. What is important are personality traits."

To test one theory about accident-proneness, Bebbington checked the files of fifty-two bus drivers who had five or more accidents.

He found that twenty-one of them had been at some time convicted for offences ranging from being in arrears with a maintenance order to failing to send a child to school. Of 131 other drivers who had had four or more accidents, convictions were recorded against seventy-one—54.2 per cent.

As a check he asked the Cambridgeshire motor licensing authorities to pick out at random 131 licence-holders. Of these, only twenty-three—17.5 per cent—had convictions.

His findings agree with the results of similar investigations in America and in the British Army. One investigator summed it up: "A man drives as he lives." Dr. Alan Crawford, of the Road Research Laboratory, says: "A road is a sort of society. If a man is anti-social in everyday life, he is likely to be anti-social on the road."

Davis distinguishes one other type who is prone to accidents. He is the clumsy, absent-minded person who has a tendency to break things. "I can think of a scientist, a man of good personality in a good position. He's well-known to his friends for breaking apparatus—and for being a hair-raising driver. But he's never been in serious trouble. He knocks down gate posts but never hurts a human being."

Such people concentrate too narrowly. They fail to notice what is happening at the edges of their vision. During the war, R.A.F. psychologists found that some pilots were having accidents because they concentrated too closely on, say, an overheated engine and never saw even more dangerous happenings in other parts of the aircraft.

The cure for this sort of accident-proneness is comparatively simple. "It can be trained out," says Davis. "In the R.A.F., for instance, it was almost eliminated by insisting on routine checks of the instrument panel. By taking account of the mistakes likely to be made, we can eradicate them."

The other sort of accident-proneness is much more difficult. Though the courts could disqualify drivers who repeatedly had accidents; though the insurance companies could drive them off the roads by raising their premiums to impossible levels, no cure is in sight. Psychologists have uncovered a few significant facts. But they are as far as ever from discovering the cause.

Bill Shaw sums up: "In all aspects of road accidents, what we desperately need is much more research." THE END

WHY?

ELDERLY Mrs. Simpson bequeathed her pearl necklace to her daughter-in-law for life, and then "to the wife of my grandson, Arthur." But Arthur in fact married twice, divorcing his first wife.

Mrs. Simpson died in 1950, her daughter-in-law in 1955. Who was to get the necklace? Arthur's divorced wife, Rachel? Or Mabel, his second wife, to whom he was married when Mrs. Simpson's daughter-in-law died?

Mabel sued for the necklace.

"When the daughter-in-law died and this provision of Mrs. Simpson's will came into effect," said her lawyer, "my client was the wife of Arthur Simpson. Therefore, she is clearly entitled to his grandmother's necklace."

But the necklace went to Arthur's first wife.

WHY? *A barrister explains the judge's ruling on page 46*

"Stop saying that it happens a million times every day. It doesn't happen a million times a day to me"

Take a pinch of dragon's blood . . .

Continued from page 15

revealed that he was in the habit of taking a mixture of fifteen herbs regularly in order to keep his weight down. Dagnell received a flood of requests for them but found that two of the herbs were unobtainable in Britain.

Professional boxers frequently ask him for bryony root, a thick tuber which, when sliced through the middle and pressed against the eye socket, is reputed to eliminate the effect of a black eye. "Most of them buy the root before their fights take place."

An elderly woman once ordered a quantity of "dragon's blood," a bright-red resinous powder from a Malayan cherry used principally as a dye. She informed Dagnell that years previously her fiancé had deserted her after a quarrel. After she had thrown a small quantity of the powder in the fire her fiancé returned and they were married. "She didn't reveal why she wanted a fresh supply," says Dagnell.

THE superstitions connected with herbs have almost died out. "There are only a few people left," says Dagnell, "who buy hops to put under the bed in the belief that this will ensure a good night's sleep, or wear a small bag of mixed herbs hung from a string round the neck to keep away ill-health. But there are still men who keep a nutmeg in the pocket to ward off rheumatism."

Herbs, which may be whole plants, leaves, flowers, berries, bark, or any other form of botanical life, are the basis of numerous drugs and medicines used by the medical profession. Rauwolfa, a root used for centuries by Indian herbalists to relieve epilepsy, has become the basis of a remedy for high blood pressure. Colchicum, which grows wild in Britain, is used by doctors and herbalists alike to relieve gout.

Not all of the herbalist's products are medicinal. Dagnell retails culinary herbs, "health foods" such as wholemeal bread, and herbal cosmetics. Elder blossom is an ingredient of soap and face cream. He sells large quantities of malt and hops to customers who manufacture their own beer, and sarsaparilla is a popular herbal beverage. A preparation known as logwood is used to take the shine from blue serge suits. "Coffee" manufactured from roasted dandelion roots sells well. Rosemary is the basis for a popular shampoo.

Most medicinal herbs have a bitter taste, particularly the kind which Dagnell recommends for customers who want to stop smoking. "Some of them prefer to give up the struggle," he says, "rather than face the treatment."

Despite his forthright approach to the herb trade, Dagnell occasionally finds himself faced with the unusual or the eccentric. In 1944 an elderly, wizened Frenchwoman who had been a frequent customer asked him if she could store some crates in his cellar for safety. After depositing ten boxes the woman left the shop and failed to reappear.

Ten years later Dagnell explained the circumstances to the police who gave him authority to open the boxes. He was startled to find that most of them contained varnished animal and human skulls.

Others contained books on phrenology the science of analysing character by studying the shape of the head. Inquiries revealed that the owner had returned to France where she had since died, and Dagnell was asked to forward the boxes to a phrenological society. "I was only too pleased to comply."

Most of the six hundred varieties of herbs stocked by Dagnell are imported. Formerly a considerable proportion was collected in Britain by gipsies and other casual labour, but today the bulk of the world trade has passed from London to Hamburg, and almost the whole of the output in Britain is cultivated on farms. "Labour costs at home have risen so high," says Dagnell, "that even nettles and dandelions must be purchased from abroad."

Dagnell, who has spent forty of his fifty-eight years in the herb trade, manufactures his own pills and herbal preparations in the cellar of his shop. The shop has remained virtually unchanged in appearance for more than a century. but, like most herbalists, Dagnell attempts to keep up with the times by producing remedies in a form which can be taken quickly and conveniently. In 1956, his turnover reached £7,000, more than double the figure for 1951; in the same period wholesale prices of herbs rose by twenty-five per cent.

Dagnell never promises a quick or sensational remedy. A few months ago he was approached by an elderly man who complained that he had a persistent skin rash and felt generally run down. Dagnell suggested a herbal blood tonic, but pointed out that it would be a few months before the remedy began to take effect.

The old man asked if Dagnell could provide a speedier relief. "He told me that he was over eighty and hadn't got much time." THE END

WHY?

See page 45

BECAUSE, said the judge, the necklace went to the first person entitled to call herself "the wife of my grandson Arthur." It would have been different if the will had given the necklace to "the person who is the wife of my grandson Arthur at the date of my daughter-in-law's death."

(*This verdict is based on actual cases*)

TEN DAYS in WONDERLAND FOR YOU?

"WHAT a wonderful ten days I've had!" said that housewife in the picture—Mrs. E. Sharpe (60 Swyncombe Avenue, Ealing). She's reading a golden telegram which named her winner of £500 plus "Week of Surprises" for a Bullet.

Exciting days followed that Wednesday wire. Saturday—her £500 cheque arrived. Monday—her "Week of Surprises" began when the postman delivered a valuable *fountain-pen*. Tuesday's surprise was a *travelling rug;* Wednesday's an *8-day clock*. Thursday brought a *vacuum jug* and Friday a *gay kitchen bowl filled with groceries*. And Mrs. Sharpe's days of thrills were crowned by Saturday's *portable radio* surprise from Bullets.

Such days in wonderland with £500 *plus* "Week of Surprises" can now be *yours* for a Bullet. Save money with that new Christmas Bargain Coupon below—you can post it *only* up to December 24!

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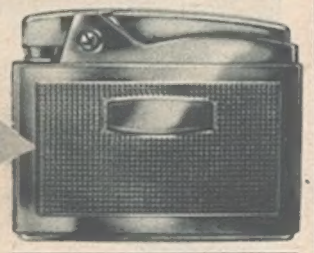

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WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

The Name Of Britain	Atomic Dust
In Life's Circus	Put The Pressure On
Plumber Thorneycroft	A Lot Of Numbskulls
Afraid Of Tomorrow	Not A Magician
Skyscraper Prices	Getting Closer
Shining Through The Gloom	Up Went The Rent And
The Eternal Eve	Dad's Pigeon
Flower In The Desert	Pepped Up The Party
We Earthlings	Almost Apologetically
Hanging By A Thread	Shock For The Passengers

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

If He's A Good..... Believes In Being.....
In Our Little..... .....By The Gallon
Surprised..... With A.....In It

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. Fee for this week's Special Privilege coupon is 5d. in stamps for two Bullets if posted on or before Tues., Dec. 24. Normal rate of 6d. per Bullet applies to plain-paper entries and to entries posted after Dec. 24.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated January 25), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, January 11, for early news of Bullets No. 2,121 result.)

ADDRESS ENTRY

Bullets 2,121, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PRIVILEGE

FOR EVERY READER

Special less-than-half-price coupon valid if posted on or before TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24

★ Follow this winner to a big success in the FUN with WORDS Contest!

"BULLETS" No. 2,116 RESULT—FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus £50 Christmas Tree Presentation: R. Johnston, 29 Houston Park, Belfast:

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£25: F. Ball, 36 Alexandra Road, St. Austell, Cornwall: A PRESENT FOR MANKIND—"WITH MUCH LOVE"—PEACE!

£10: W. A. Northcott, 8 Normandy Way, St. Budeaux, Plymouth: BREAKING UP—"FROZEN SURFACES," SANTA'S SLEDGE.

OTHER AWARDS: £9: Miss N. Leadbetter, 27 Garibaldi Street, Etruria, Stoke-on-Trent: IN THE SPACE RACE—WHAT *Off* EARTH NEXT? £8: J. Hornby, c/o 47 Kirkley Drive, Ponteland, Northumberland: THAT CHRISTMAS FEELING—"COME ALL—" "COME IN!" £7: I. Edwards, 33 Granville Road, Hayes, Middlesex: THAT CHRISTMAS FEELING—FROM "STABLE"—OR INN? £6: W. G. Winder, 94 Berkeley Avenue, Greenford, Middlesex: OUT WENT THE LIFEBOAT AND—I RECOLLECT—I *Collect*! £5: C. Eckersley, 16 Goodman Street, Blackley, Manchester, 9: THAT CHRISTMAS FEELING—STORE DETECTIVE'S FRISKING "*Santa*"! £5: M. Higgins, 30 Lea Avenue, Neilston, Glasgow: THE PUBLIC THINKS—IT THINKS—*Propagandist* SMILES! £5: C. Thomas, 54 Mitford Street, Stretford, Lancs: BLOT ON INSECURE—LABEL—ON TATTERED PARCEL!

(Each winner from £25 to £5 receives also a Christmas Turkey.)

For ten winners of £2 10s. plus Turkey, see *Bullets Bulletin*. 100 "Double Six" Prizes and 1,500 2-in-1 Awards have also been posted.

XMAS BARGAIN COUPON—POST BY TUES., DEC. 24

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

LAST DAY to POST THIS PRIVILEGE COUPON—TUES., DEC. 24

I agree to rules and affix 5d. in stamps on this coupon as entry-fee. **2,121**

Signed.....

Address.....

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